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THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

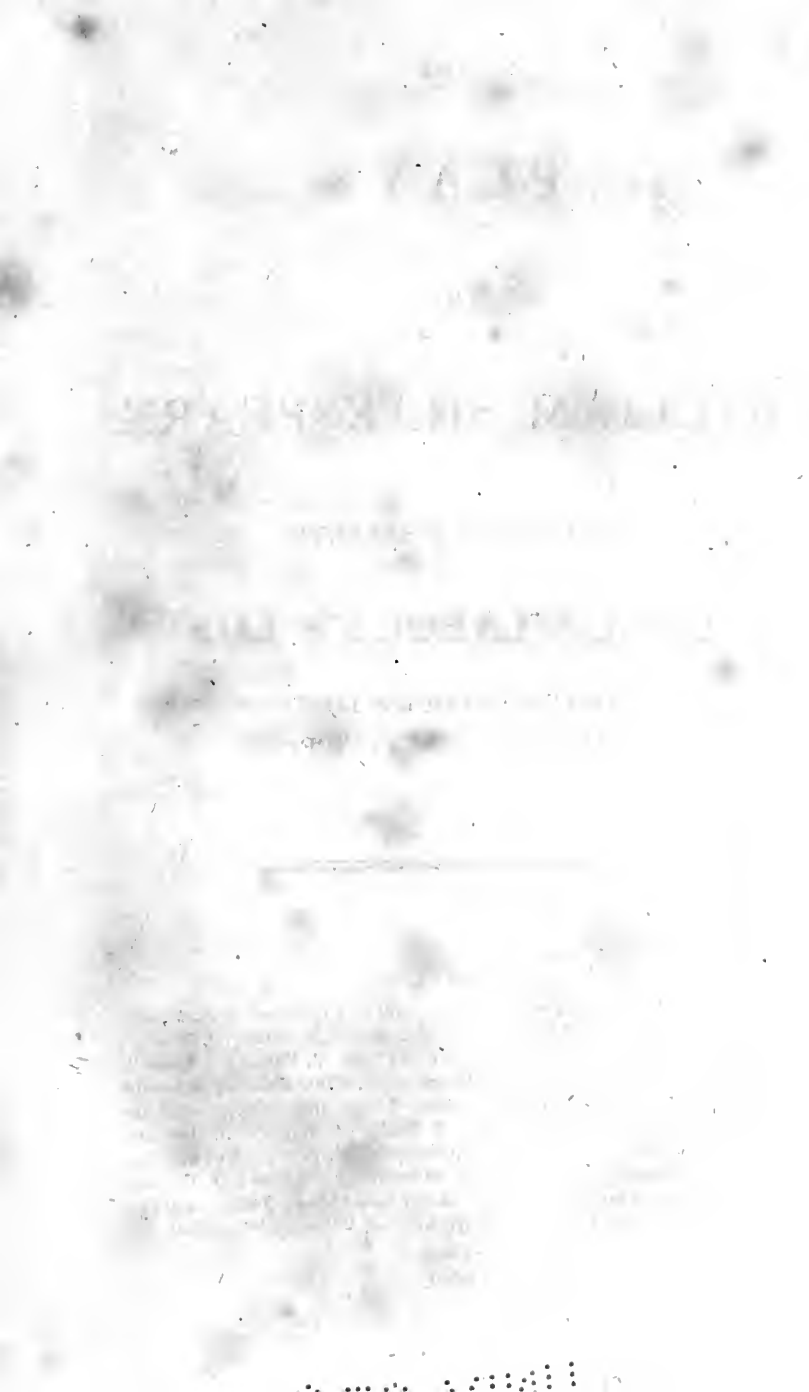
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# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.\*

THE LONDON LITERARY SOCIETY

\* LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.] I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

I suspect that there is an error in the title of this play, which I believe, should be—" *Love's Labours Lost.*" M. MASON.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.\*

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Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,

Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*

Dumain,

Boyet, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of*  
Mercade, } *France.*

*Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.*

*Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.*

*Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.*

*Dull, a Constable.*

*Costard, a Clown.*

*Moth, Page to Armado.*

*A Forester.*

*Princess of France.*

Rosaline,

Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Katharine,

*Jaquenetta, a country Wench.*

*Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.*

SCENE, Navarre.

\* This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe.  
JOHNSON.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

*KING.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oath,<sup>1</sup> and keep it too.

*LONG.* I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast ;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :  
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

*DUM.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified ;  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
With all these living in philosophy.<sup>2</sup>

*BIRON.* I can but say their protestation over,  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, To live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances :  
As, not to see a woman in that term ;  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :  
And, one day in a week to touch no food ;  
And but one meal on every day beside ;  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :

<sup>1</sup> ——— *your deep oath,*] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *With all these living in philosophy.*] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred ; I suppose he means, that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth*, in *philosophy*.

JOHNSON.

By *all these*, Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be supposed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philosophical retirement. A. C.



O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.<sup>3</sup>

*KING.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*BIRON.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;  
I only swore, to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*LONG.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

*BIRON.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—  
What is the end of study ? let me know.

*KING.* Why, that to know, which else we should  
not know.

*BIRON.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from  
common sense ?

*KING.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*BIRON.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know :  
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid ;<sup>4</sup>  
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid :

<sup>3</sup> *Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.*] The words as they stand, will express the meaning intended, if pointed thus :

*Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.*

Biron is recapitulating the several tasks imposed upon him, viz. not to see ladies, to study, to fast, and not to sleep : but Shakspeare, by a common poetical licence, though in this passage injudiciously exercised, omits the article *to*, before the three last verbs, and from hence the obscurity arises. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *When I to feast expressly am forbid ;*] The copies all have :  
“ *When I to fast expressly am forbid ;*”

But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid to fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know ? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context, require us to read—*feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse :—“ *When I to fast expressly am fore-bid ;*” i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
 If study's gain be thus, and this be so,<sup>5</sup>  
 Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:  
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no. }

**KING.** These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
 And train our intellects to vain delight.

**BIRON.** Why, all delights are vain; but that most  
 vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :  
 As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while  
 Doth falsely blind<sup>6</sup> the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:  
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;  
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
 And give him light that was it blinded by.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *If study's gain be thus, and this be so,]* Read :  
*If study's gain be this—.* RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *while truth the while*

*Doth falsely blind—]* *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too close study may read himself blind* ; which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,*

*And give him light that was it blinded by.]* This is another passage unnecessarily obscure ; the meaning is : that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye*, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star, (See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,) and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;  
 Small have continual plodders ever won,  
 Save base authority from others' books.  
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
 That give a name to every fixed star,  
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.  
 Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;  
 And every godfather can give a name.<sup>8</sup>

KING. How well he's read, to reason against  
 reading !

DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceed-  
 ing !<sup>9</sup>

LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow  
 the weeding.

BIRON. The spring is near, when green geese  
 are a breeding.

DUM. How follows that ?

\* *Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;  
 And every godfather can give a name.*] The consequence,  
 says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of  
 doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, too much know-  
 ledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give  
 likewise. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !*] To proceed is  
 an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as he proceeded  
 bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees in  
 the art of hindering the degrees of others. JOHNSON.

So, in a quotation by Dr. Farmer : " — such as practise to  
 proceed in all evil wise, till from Batchelors in Newgate, by de-  
 grees they proceed to be Maisters, and by desert be preferred at  
 Tyborne." I cannot ascertain the book from which this pas-  
 sage was transcribed. STEEVENS.

I don't suspect that Shakspeare had any academical term in  
 contemplation, when he wrote this line. *He has proceeded well,*  
 means only, he has gone on well. M. MASON.

BIRON. Fit in his place and time.

DUM. In reason nothing.

BIRON. Something then in rhyme.

LONG. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,<sup>1</sup>  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BIRON. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows; }  
But like of each thing, that in season grows.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — sneaping frost,] So *sneaping winds* in *The Winter's Tale*: To *sneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. Thus also, Falstaff, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I will not undergo this *sneap*, without reply." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Why should I joy in an abortive birth?*

*At Christmas I no more desire a rose,*

*Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;*

*But like of each thing, that in season grows.*] As the greatest part of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhymes, either *successive*, *alternate*, or *triple*, I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close of the first line is quite destitute of any rhyme to it. Besides, what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close of this verse?

"Than wish a *snow* in May's new-fangled *shows* ;"

Again, *new-fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute *earth*, in the close of the third line, which restores the *alternate* measure. It was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the rhyme immediately preceding; to mistake the concluding word in the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

I rather suspect a line to have been lost after "an abortive birth."

So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house<sup>3</sup> to unlock the little gate.

*KING.* Well, sit you out :<sup>4</sup> go home, Biron; adieu!

*BIRON.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay  
with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

By these *shows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*. T. WARTON.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*:

"And fresher than *May* with *floures new*—."

So also, in our poet's *King Richard II*:

"She came adorned hither, like sweet *May*."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diversity of flowers which the spring produces.

Again, in *The Destruction of Troy*, 1619: "At the entry of the month of *May*, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverse flowers," &c. MALONE.

I concur with Mr. Warton; for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the same identical shape and colours, be called—*new-fangled*? The sports of *May* might be annually diversified, but its natural productions would be invariably the same. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Climb o'er the house* &c.] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio:

"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — sit you out:] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory*. But I suspect we should read—*set you out*.

MALONE.

To *sit out*, is a term from the card-table. Thus, Bishop Sanderson :

"They are glad, rather than *sit out*, to play very small game."



[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
The French King's daughter, with yourself to  
speak,—

A maid of grace, and cômplete majesty,—  
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :  
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

**KING.** What say you, lords ? why, this was quite  
forgot.

**BIRON.** So study evermore is overshot ;  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should :  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

**KING.** We must, of force, dispense with this de-  
cree ;  
She must lie here <sup>7</sup> on mere necessity.

**BIRON.** Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years'  
space :

For every man with his affects is born ;  
Not by might master'd, but by special grace : <sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — lie here —] Means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie leiger*. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid*, Act II. sc. ii :

“ Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,

“ That *lay* here *leiger*, in the last great frost ? ”

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Definition* : “ An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* (i. e. *reside*) abroad for the good of his country.” REED.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name :

[*Subscribes.*

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions<sup>9</sup> are to others, as to me ;  
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,  
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation<sup>1</sup> granted ?

*KING.* Ay, that there is : our court, you know,  
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :  
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;  
A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Not by might master'd, but by special grace :*] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Suggestions* —] Temptations. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*:

“ And these led on by your *suggestion*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *quick recreation* —] Lively sport, spritely diversion.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — the *quick* comedians

“ Extemporally will stage us.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*

*Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :*] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakspeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance



This child of fancy,<sup>3</sup> that Armado hight,<sup>4</sup>  
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.<sup>5</sup>

is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends; and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonson his contemporary, are confessedly the two greatest writers in the drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between Shakspeare's worst plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakspeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself; while Shakspeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607:—"after all fashions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.<sup>6</sup>

*complements.*" And again, by the title-page to Richard Braithwaite's *English Gentlewoman*: "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what *complements* doe best accomplish her." Again, in p. 59, we are told that "*complement* hath beene anciently *defined*, and so successively retained;—a no lesse *reall* than *formall accomplishment*."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad*:

"— she reacht Achilles tent

"Found him still sighing; and some friends, with all  
their *complements*

"Soothing his humour."

Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"—adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness." STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio calls Tybalt, "the Captain of *complements*." M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> This *child of fancy*,] This *fantastick*. The expression, in another sense, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> That *Armado* hight,] Who is called *Armado*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> From *tawny Spain*, lost in the world's debate.] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very style. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because those romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. WARBURTON.

I have suffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has shown that it is wholly unfounded, because Dr. Warburton refers to it in his dissertation at the end of this play. MALONE.

— *in the world's debate*.] The *world* seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastic life. *In the world*, *in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestered, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

Warburton's interpretation is clearly preferable to that of

*BIRON.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
A man of fire-new words,<sup>7</sup> fashion's own knight.

*LONG.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our  
sport;  
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*DULL.* Which is the duke's own person?<sup>8</sup>

*BIRON.* This, fellow; What would'st?

*DULL.* I myself reprehend his own person, for  
I am his grace's tharborough:<sup>9</sup> but I would see  
his own person in flesh and blood.

Johnson. The King had not yet so weaned himself from the  
world, as to adopt the language of a cloister. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *And I will use him for my minstrelsy.*] i. e. I will make a  
minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.  
DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> — fire-new words,] “i. e. (says an intelligent writer in  
the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786,) words newly coined, new  
from the forge. *Fire-new*, *new off the irons*, and the Scottish  
expression *bren-new*, have all the same origin.” The same com-  
pound epithet occurs in *King Richard III*:

“Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Which is the duke's own person?*] The king of Navarre in  
several passages, through all the copies, is called the *duke*: but  
as this must have sprung rather from the inadvertence of the  
editors than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have every where, to  
avoid confusion, restored *king* to the text. THEOBALD.

The princess in the next act calls the king—“this virtuous  
*duke* ;” a word which, in our author's time, seems to have been  
used with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the  
case, such a fellow as Costard may well be supposed ignorant of  
his true title. MALONE.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *tharborough* :] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike  
in authority with a headborough or a constable.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

BIRON. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

COST. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BIRON. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low having:<sup>1</sup> God grant us patience!

BIRON. To hear? or forbear hearing?<sup>2</sup>

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BIRON. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb<sup>3</sup> in the merriness.

<sup>1</sup> *A high hope for a low having:]* In old editions:

“A high hope for a low heaven;”

A *low heaven*, sure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: “Though you hope for high words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best.” This our poet calls a *low having*: and it is a substantive which he uses in several other passages. THEOBALD.

It is so employed in *Macbeth*, Act I:

“——— great prediction

“Of noble *having*, and of royal hope.”

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the gradations of happiness promised by Mohammed to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

“Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven*!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To hear? or forbear hearing?]* One of the modern editors plausibly enough, reads:

“To hear? or forbear *laughing*?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *as the style shall give us cause to climb* ——] A quibble between the *stile* that must be *climbed* to pass from one field to

*COST.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.<sup>4</sup>

*BIRON.* In what manner?

*COST.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*BIRON.* For the following, sir?

*COST.* As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

*KING.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*BIRON.* As we would hear an oracle.

*COST.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*KING.* [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

*COST.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*KING.* *So it is,—*

another, and *style*, the term expressive of manner of writing in regard to language. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *taken with the manner.*] i. e. in the fact. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: “—and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to say for himself.” STEEVENS.

A forensick term. A thief is said to be taken with the manner, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

COST. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.<sup>5</sup>

KING. Peace.

COST. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

KING. No words.

COST. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING. *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden:<sup>6</sup> There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,<sup>7</sup>*

<sup>5</sup> — but so, so.] The second *so* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — curious-knotted garden:] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

“Her fruit-trees all unprun’d, her hedges ruin’d,

“Her knots disorder’d,” &c.

In Thomas Hill's *Profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. 4to. bl. l. 1579, is the delineation of “a proper knot for a garden, whereas is spare rounie enough, the which may be set with Time, or Isop, at the discretion of the Gardener.” In Henry Dethicke's *Gar-*

COST. Me.

KING. —*that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

COST. Me.

KING. —*that shallow vassal,*

COST. Still me.

KING. —*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

COST. O me!

KING. —*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,<sup>s</sup>—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.*

COST. With a wench.

KING. —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

DULL. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

*dener's Labyrinth*, bl. l. 4to. 1586, are other examples of "proper knots devised for gardens." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *base minnow of thy mirth,*] The base minnow of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakspeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

" ——— hear you not

" This Triton of the minnows!"

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little minnow his brother," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *with—with —*] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

KING. *For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury;<sup>9</sup> and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

BIRON. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

COST. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation?

COST. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.<sup>1</sup>

KING. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

COST. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damosel.

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

COST. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

KING. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

COST. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

<sup>9</sup> — vessel of thy law's fury;] This seems to be a phrase adopted from scripture. See Epist. to the Romans, ix. 22: "— the vessel of wrath." Mr. M. Mason would read—vassal instead of vessel. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.] So Falstaff, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"— it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.



*KING.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*COST.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*KING.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

*COST.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*KING.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.— My lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt* King, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

*BIRON.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—  
Sirrah, come on.

*COST.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is,  
I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a  
true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of  
prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again,  
and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the same. Armado's House.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*ARM.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*MOTH.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*ARM.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp* his

*MOTH.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.

*ARM.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?<sup>3</sup>

*MOTH.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*ARM.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*MOTH.* Why, tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*ARM.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*MOTH.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,<sup>4</sup> which we may name tough.

*son.* It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes King Henry V. by the same title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff*, *slip*, *scion*, or *sucker*: and by metonymy comes to be used for a boy or child. The imp, *his son*, is no more than his *infant son*. It is now set apart to signify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps*.

Dr. Johnson was mistaken in supposing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The History of Celestina the Faire*, 1596: "—the gentleman had three sonnes, very ungracious *impes*, and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — my tender juvenal?] *Juvenal* is youth. So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,] Here and in two speeches above the old copies have *signior*, which appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*. So, in the last scene of *The Comedy of Errors*, edit. 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *signior*; till then, lead thou first." In that play the spelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old spelling in the passage before us. MALONE.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

ARM. I love not to be crossed.

MOTH. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.<sup>5</sup> [*Aside.*]

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARM. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.<sup>6</sup>

*Old and tough, young and tender,* is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — crosses love not him.] By crosses he means money. So, in *As you like it*, the Clown says to Celia: “— if I should bear you, I should bear no cross.” JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.*] Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “A tapster’s arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.” STEEVENS.

*MOTH.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*ARM.* I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*MOTH.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*ARM.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*MOTH.* Which the base vulgar do call, three.

*ARM.* True.

*MOTH.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Moth.* *And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*] *Banks's horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World, First Part*, p. 178,) says : " If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the incanters in the world : for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatise on Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393,) observes : " That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear ; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master ; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." DR. GREY.

*Banks's horse* is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare ; among the rest, by Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour* : " He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever *Banks* did with his horse."

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, Lib. IV. sat. ii :

" More than who vies his pence to view some tricke

" Of strange *Morocco's* dunbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th *Epigram* :

" Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,

" Grave tutor to the learned horse," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cypher.

[*Aside.*

known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad:

“ ————— Both which

“ Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,

“ Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.”

Among the entries at Stationers' Hall is the following; Nov. 14, 1595: “ A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*.”

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The-Guls Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: “ —From hence you may descend to talk about the *horse* that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the steppes, and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a *horse*, but something else in the likeness of one.”

Again, in *Chrestoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrammes, written by T. B. [Thomas Bastard] 1598, Lib. III. ep. 17:

“ *Of Bankes's Horse.*

“ *Bankes* hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,

“ For he can fight, and pisse, and dance, and lie,

“ And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:

“ But *Bankes* who taught your horse to smell a knave?”

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was published a pamphlet entitled, *Maroccus Extaticus*, or *Banks's bay Horse in a Trance*. A Discourse set downe in a merry Dialogue between Banks and his Beast: anatomizing some Abuses and bad Trickes of this Age, 4to.; prefixed to which, was a print of the horse standing on his hind legs with a stick in his mouth, his master with a stick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse, which I find happened at Rome, where to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660. p. 114. REED.

The following representation of Banks and his Horse, is a fac-simile from a rude wooden frontispiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.

*ARM.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love : and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh ; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy : What great men have been in love ?

*MOTH.* Hercules, master.

*ARM.* Most sweet Hercules !—More authority,



dear boy, name more ; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*MOTH.* Sampson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter : and he was in love.

*ARM.* O well-knit Sampson ! strong-jointed Sampson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth ?

*MOTH.* A woman, master.

*ARM.* Of what complexion ?

*MOTH.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

*ARM.* Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

*MOTH.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*ARM.* Is that one of the four complexions ?

*MOTH.* As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

*ARM.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers :<sup>a</sup> but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

<sup>a</sup> Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare green eye," which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green-ey'd*.

MALONE.

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealousy* ; but to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers :

"Sing, all a *green willow* shall be my garland," is the burden of an ancient ditty preserved in *The Gallery of gorgious Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578. STEEVENS.

*MOTH.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*ARM.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*MOTH.* Most maculate thoughts,<sup>9</sup> master, are masked under such colours.

*ARM.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*MOTH.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*ARM.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

*MOTH.* If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known;  
For blushing<sup>1</sup> cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale-white shown:  
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know;  
For still her cheeks possess the same,  
Which native she doth owe.<sup>2</sup>

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*ARM.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Most maculate thoughts,*] So, the first quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid such notes for the future, it may be proper to apprise the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correspond with the folio, without any reason being assigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the first quarto. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *For blushing—*] The original copy has—*blush* in. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Which native she doth owe.*] i. e. of which she is naturally possessed.—To owe is to possess. So, in *Macbeth*:

“——the disposition that I owe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 4th edit. Vol. I. p. 198. STEEVENS.



*MOTH.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*ARM.* I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression<sup>4</sup> by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ;<sup>5</sup> she deserves well.

*MOTH.* To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

*ARM.* Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*MOTH.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*ARM.* I say, sing.

*MOTH.* Forbear till this company be past.

<sup>4</sup> — my digression —] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

“ *Digressing* from the valour of a man.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — my *digression* is so vile, so base,

“ That it will live engraven on my face.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — the rational hind Costard ;] Perhaps we should read — the irrational hind, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reasoning brute*, the *animal with some share of reason*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind* ; if *hind* be taken in its *bestial* sense, Armado makes Costard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakspeare uses it in its *bestial* sense in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. iii. and as of the masculine gender :

“ He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds*.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. sc. iii : “ — you are a shallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie.” STEEVENS.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*DULL.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.<sup>6</sup> Fare you well.

*ARM.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*JAQ.* Man.

*ARM.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*JAQ.* That's hereby.<sup>7</sup>

*ARM.* I know where it is situate.

*JAQ.* Lord, how wise you are!

*ARM.* I will tell thee wonders.

*JAQ.* With that face?<sup>8</sup>

*ARM.* I love thee.

*JAQ.* So I heard you say.

*ARM.* And so farewell.

<sup>6</sup> — *for the day-woman.*] “i. e. for the *dairy-maid*. *Dairy*, says Johnson in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at present termed a *day* or *dey*.” *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That's hereby.*] Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the vulgar in some counties) to signify—as it may happen. He takes it in the sense of *just by*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *With that face?*] This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time; and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding—“that it was taken verbatim, from very polite conversation.” STEEVENS.

*JAQ.* Fair weather after you!

*DULL.* Come,<sup>9</sup> Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

*ARM.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*COST.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*ARM.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*COST.* I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*ARM.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*MOTH.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*COST.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

*MOTH.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*COST.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*MOTH.* What shall some see?

*COST.* Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;<sup>1</sup> and, therefore, I will say nothing:

<sup>9</sup> *Come, &c.*] To this line in the first quarto, and the first folio, *Clo.* by an error of the press is prefixed, instead of *Con.* i. e. Constable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the necessary correction. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;*] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their wards, that is, in custody, in the holds. JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, (the most authentic copy of this play,) reads—"It is *not* for prisoners to be *too* silent in their words;" and so without doubt the text should be printed. MALONE.

I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

ARM. I do affect<sup>2</sup> the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falshood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft<sup>3</sup> is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn;<sup>4</sup> the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier!<sup>5</sup> be still, drum! for your manager is

I don't think it necessary to endeavour to find out any meaning in this passage, as it seems to have been intended that Costard should speak nonsense. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> —affect—] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxiv:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might affect,

"Than her," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —butt-shaft—] i. e. an arrow to shoot at butts with. The butt was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed. Thus, *Othello* says—

"—here is my butt,

"And very sea-mark of my utmost sail." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The first and second cause will not serve my turn;] See the last Act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —rust, rapier!] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Rust, sword! cool blushes, and Parolles, live!"

STEEVENS.

in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer.<sup>6</sup> Devise wit ; write pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

BOYET. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :<sup>7</sup>

Consider who the king your father sends ;  
To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

<sup>6</sup> — sonneteer.] The old copies read only—sonnet.

STEEVENS.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — your dearest spirits:] Dear, in our author's language, has many shades of meaning. In the present instance and the next, it appears to signify—best, most powerful. STEEVENS.

PRIN. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but  
 mean,  
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;<sup>8</sup>  
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:<sup>9</sup>  
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
 Than you much willing to be counted wise  
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
 No woman may approach his silent court:  
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,

<sup>8</sup> *Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;*] Rowe has borrowed and dignified this sentiment in his *Royal Convert*. The Saxon Princess is the speaker:

“Whate'er I am  
 “Is of myself, by native worth existing,  
 “Secure, and independent of thy praise:  
 “Nor let it seem too proud a boast, if minds  
 “By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,  
 “And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.”  
 “Fucati sermonis opem mens conscia laudis  
 “Abnuit—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:]* So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

“That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming  
 “The owner's tongue doth publish every where.”

MALONE.

*Chapman* here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. JOHNSON.

To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,  
 Bold of your worthiness,<sup>1</sup> we single you  
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :  
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,  
 Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.  
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,  
 Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

BOY. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[Exit.

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is  
 so.—

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 LORD. Longaville<sup>2</sup> is one.

PRIN. Know you the man ?

MAR. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,  
 Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
 Of Jaques Falconbridge solémnized,  
 In Normandy saw I this Longaville :  
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bold of your worthiness,] i. e. confident of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Longaville —] For the sake of manners as well as metre, we ought to read—Lord Longaville—. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus :

“ A man of sovereign peerlesse, he's estcem'd.”

I believe, the author wrote :

“ A man of,—sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd.”

A man of extraordinary accomplishments, the speaker perhaps would have said, but suddenly checks herself ; and adds—“ sovereign, peerless he's esteem'd.” So, before : “ Matchless Navarre.” Again, in *The Tempest* :

“ — but you, O you,

“ So perfect, and so peerless are created.”

In the old copies no attention seems to have been given to

Well fitted in the arts,<sup>4</sup> glorious in arms :  
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,  
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)  
 Is a sharp wit match'd with<sup>5</sup> too blunt a will ;  
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
 It should none spare that come within his power.

PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

MAR. They say so most, that most his humours  
 know.

PRIN. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they  
 grow.

Who are the rest ?

KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd  
 youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :

abrupt sentences. They are almost uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto : “ — but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal.” See Vol. VI. p. 11. See also p. 219, *ibid* : “ Sir, mock me not ;—your story.”

MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote :

“ A man, a sovereign *pearl*, he is esteem'd.”

i. e. not only a *pearl*, but such a one as is *pre-eminently* valuable. In *Troilus and Cressida* Helen is called—“ a *pearl* ;” and in *Macbeth* the nobles of Scotland are styled—“ the kingdom's *pearl*.”—The phrase—“ a *sovereign pearl*” may also be countenanced by—“ *captain jewels* in a carcanet,” an expression which occurs in one of our author's Sonnets.

*Sovereign parts*, however, is a kin to *royalty of nature*, a phrase that occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Well fitted in the arts,*] *Well fitted* is well qualified.

JOHNSON.

*The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — match'd with —] Is combined or joined with.

JOHNSON.



Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit.  
 I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;  
 And much too little<sup>6</sup> of that good I saw,  
 Is my report, to his great worthiness.

*ROS.* Another of these students at that time  
 Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,  
 Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
 For every object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)  
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
 And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*PRIN.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love;  
 That every one her own hath garnished  
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*MAR.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*PRIN.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*BOYET.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;  
 And he, and his competitors in oath,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *And much too little &c.]* i. e. And my report of the good I saw, is much too little *compared* to his great worthiness.

HEATH.

<sup>7</sup> — competitors in oath,] i. e. confederates. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate

"Our great competitor." STEEVENS.

Were all address'd\* to meet you, gentle lady,  
 Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
 (Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)  
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
 Here comes Navarre, [The Ladies mask.]

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*KING.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*PRIN.* Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

*KING.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*PRIN.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*KING.* Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

*PRIN.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*KING.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*PRIN.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*KING.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*PRIN.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where<sup>9</sup> now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

\* *Were all address'd —*] To address is to prepare. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — it lifted up its head, and did address

“ Itself to motion.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Where —*] *Where* is here used for *whereas*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. sc. i:

“ *Where* now you're both a father and a son,”

See note on this passage. STEEVENS,

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping :  
 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
 And sin to break it :<sup>1</sup>  
 But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;  
 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.  
 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
 And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[*Gives a paper.*]

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away ;  
 For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

BIRON. Did not I dance with you in Brabant  
 once?<sup>2</sup>

ROS. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BIRON. I know, you did.

ROS. How needless was it then  
 To ask the question !

BIRON. You must not be so quick.

ROS. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such  
 questions.

BIRON. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill  
 tire.

ROS. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIRON. What time o' day?

<sup>1</sup> And *sin to break it* :] Sir T. Hanmer reads :

“ *Not sin to break it* : ”

I believe erroneously. The princess shows an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Ros. *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*] Thus the folio. In the first quarto, this dialogue passes between Catharine and Biron. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

*ROS.* The hour that fools should ask.

*BIRON.* Now fair befall your mask!

*ROS.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*BIRON.* And send you many lovers!

*ROS.* Amen, so you be none.

*BIRON.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*KING.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)  
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
On payment<sup>3</sup> of a hundred thousand crowns,

<sup>3</sup> — and not demands,

On *payment* &c.] The former editions read:

“ — and not demands

“ One payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

“ To have his title live in Aquitain.”

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitain was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of,) but demands this moiety back again: instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety, and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact supposed; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive

To have his title live in Aquitain ;  
 Which we much rather had depart withal,<sup>4</sup>  
 And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitain so gelded<sup>5</sup> as it is.  
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
 And go well satisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much  
 wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseeming to confess receipt  
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest, I never heard of it ;  
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up Aquitain.

PRIN. We arrest your word :—  
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances,  
 For such a sum, from special officers  
 Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it. THEOBALD.

The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act III. sc. iii.

MALONE.

\* — depart *withal*,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in *King John* :

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* :

"Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money."

STEEVENS.

\* — *gelded* —] To this phrase Shakspeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* *King Henry VI.* &c. &c. but never less properly than in the present formal speech, addressed by a king to a maiden princess. STEEVENS.

BOYET. So please your grace, the packet is not come,  
Where that and other specialties are bound;  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me: at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,  
As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!  
[*Exeunt King and his Train.*]

BIRON. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

ROS. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

BIRON. I would, you heard it groan.

ROS. Is the fool sick?<sup>6</sup>

BIRON. Sick at heart.

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

<sup>6</sup> *Is the fool sick?*] She means perhaps his heart. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

"Beat. Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care." MALONE.

ROS. My physick says, I.<sup>7</sup>

BIRON. Will you prick't with your eye?

ROS. No *poynt*,<sup>8</sup> with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?<sup>9</sup>

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

DUM. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.  
[*Exit.*

LONG. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

BOYET. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

<sup>7</sup> *My physick says, I.*] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> No *poynt*,] So, in *The Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

" ——— tell me where he is.

" No *point*. Shall I betray my brother?" STEEVENS.

No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the same words, Act V. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *What lady is that same?*] It is odd that Shakspeare should make *Dumain* enquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps all the ladies wore masks but the princess.

STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 42. where *Biron* says to *Rosaline*—

" Now fair befall your *mask*!" MALONE.

*LONG.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*BOYET.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

*LONG.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*BOYET.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*LONG.* God's blessing on your beard!<sup>1</sup>

*BOYET.* Good sir, be not offended:  
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*LONG.* Nay, my choler is ended.  
She is a most sweet lady.

*BOYET.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit LONG.*]

*BIRON.* What's her name, in the cap?

*BOYET.* Katharine, by good hap.

*BIRON.* Is she wedded, or no?

*BOYET.* To her will, sir, or so.

*BIRON.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*BOYET.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

*MAR.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;  
Not a word with him but a jest.

*BOYET.* And every jest but a word.

*PRIN.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*BOYET.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

<sup>1</sup> *God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. MALONE.



MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry!

BOYET. And wherefore not ships?  
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.<sup>2</sup>

MAR. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish  
the jest?

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

MAR. Not so, gentle beast;  
My lips are no common, though several they be.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — unless we feed on your lips.] Our author has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;

“Graze on my lips.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> My lips are no common, though several they be.] Several is an inclosed field of a private proprietor; so Maria says, *her lips are private property*. Of a Lord that was newly married, one observed that he grew fat; “Yes,” said Sir Walter Raleigh, “any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *several*.” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

“— my sheep have quite disgrist

“Their bounds, and leap’d into the *several*.”

Again, in Green’s *Disputation*, &c. 1592: “rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *severall* to himself by force,” &c. Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

“Of late he broke into a *severall*

“That does belong to me.”

Again, in Fenton’s *Tragical Discourses*, 4to. bl. l. 1597:— “he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reserved *severall* to himself,” p. 64. b. Again, in Holinshed’s *History of England*, B. VI. p. 150:—“not to take and pale in the *commons*, to enlarge their *severalles*.” STEEVENS.

*My lips are no common, though several they be.*] In Dr. Johnson’s note upon this passage, it is said that SEVERAL is an inclosed field of a private proprietor.

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire,

BOYET. Belonging to whom?

MAR. To my fortunes and me.

PRIN. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,  
agree:

and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. DR. JAMES.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52, spell this word like Shakspeare. Leigh also mentions the town bull, and says: "all *severells* to him are common." TOLLET.

*My lips are no common, though several they be.*] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, likewise signifies in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common field*. In Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1617, is the following article: "To SEVER from others. Hinc nos pascua et campos seorsim ab aliis separatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does—*severels*.—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be understood in its rustick sense, the adversative particle stands but awkwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace.

MALONE.

The civil war of wits were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

BOYET. If my observation, (which very seldom  
lies,)

By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,<sup>4</sup>  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRIN. With what?

BOYET. With that which we lovers entitle, af-  
fected.

PRIN. Your reason?

BOYET. Why, all his behaviours did make their  
retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,<sup>5</sup>  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking<sup>6</sup> on fairest of fair :  
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in chrystal for some prince to buy ;

<sup>4</sup> *By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,]* So, in  
Daniel's *Complaint of Rosalind*, 1594 :

“ Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes ;

“ Dumb eloquence—.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,]* That is,  
*his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak.*

JOHNSON.

Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take  
the sense of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickness of his  
eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their  
perception.*—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *To feel only looking—]* Perhaps we may better read :

“ To feed only by looking—.” JOHNSON.

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they  
 were glass'd,  
 Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,<sup>7</sup>  
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :  
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

BOYET. But to speak that in words, which his  
 eye hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

ROS. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st  
 skilfully.

MAR. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns  
 news of him.

ROS. Then was Venus like her mother; for her  
 father is but grim.

BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

MAR. No.

BOYET. What then, do you see?

ROS. Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *His face's own margent did quote &c.*] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

“Find written in the margin of his eyes.”

Again, in *Hamlet*: “I knew you must be edified by the *margent*.”

MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

ARM. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH. *Concolinel*——<sup>8</sup> [Singing.

ARM. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him

<sup>8</sup> *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing*—or, *Cantant*. Again, in *The Play of the Wether*, by John Heywood, bl. 1: “At thende of this staf the god hath a songe, played in his torne, or Mery Reporte come in.” Probably the performer was left to choose his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as a part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *King Edward IV.* P. II. 1619:—“Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance.”

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

“Here they two talk, and rail *what they list*.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:

“*Cantat Gallice*.” But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th Act:

“*Cantat saltatque cum Cithara*.”

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant*. STEEVENS.

festinately hither;<sup>9</sup> I must employ him in a letter to my love.

MOTH. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?<sup>1</sup>

ARM. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

MOTH. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,<sup>2</sup> humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-douplet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man

<sup>9</sup> — festinately *hither*;] i. e. hastily. Shakspeare uses the adjective *festinate* in *King Lear*: "Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most *festinate* preparation." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — a *French brawl*?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) seems to be what we now call a *co-tillon*.

In *The Malcontent* of Marston, I meet with the following account of it: "The *brawl*! why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in Ben Jonson's masque of *Time Vindicated*:

"The Graces did them footing teach;

"And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,

"They danc'd your mother down." STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Picture*, Act II. sc. ii:

"'Tis a French *brawl*, an apish imitation

"Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> — canary to it with your feet,] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

after the old painting;<sup>3</sup> and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,<sup>4</sup> these are humours; these betray<sup>5</sup> nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.<sup>6</sup>

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.<sup>7</sup>

ARM. But O,—but O,—

<sup>3</sup> — *like a man after the old painting;*] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *These are complements;*] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *complishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *these betray &c.*] The former editors:—*these betray nice wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note.* But who will ever believe, that the old attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young wenches, should have power to make these young wenches *men of note*? His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young girls, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.*] i. e. and make those men who are most affected to such accomplishments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any necessity, reads—and make *the* men of note, &c. which was, I think, too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions. One of the modern editors, instead of—“do you note, men?” with great probability reads—do you note *me*?

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *By my penny of observation.*] Thus, Sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. The old copy reads—*pen*.

FARMER.

The story Dr. Farmer refers to, was certainly printed before Shakspeare's time. See Langham's *Letter*, &c. RITSON.

MOTH.—the hobby-horse is forgot.\*

ARM. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

MOTH. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,<sup>9</sup> and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart, and in heart, boy.

MOTH. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOTH. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

\* Arm. *But O,—but O,—*

Moth. —*the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a *hobby-horse*, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horse* were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the *hobby-horse*, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out *But oh! but oh!*—humorously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See note on Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *but a colt,*] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

JOHNSON.



ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

ARM. The way is but short; away.

MOTH. As swift as lead, sir.

ARM. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I say, lead is slow.

MOTH. You are too swift, sir, to say so:<sup>1</sup>  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

<sup>1</sup> *You are too swift, sir, to say so:]* How is he too swift for saying that lead is slow? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense:

*You are too swift, sir, to say so so soon:*

*Is that lead slow, sir, which is fir'd from a gun?*

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so*; or, as Mr. M. Mason explains the passage: "You are too hasty in saying that: you have not sufficiently considered it."

*Swift*, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse both *swiftly* and wittily, already." STEEVENS.

*Swift* is here used, as in other places, synonymously with

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetorick!  
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—  
I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH. Thump then, and I flee.  
[Exit.

ARM. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free  
of grace!  
By thy favour, sweet welkin,<sup>2</sup> I must sigh in thy  
face:  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter* MOTH and COSTARD.

MOTH. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken<sup>3</sup> in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy  
*l'envoy*;—begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;<sup>4</sup> no salve

*witty*. I suppose the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As you like it*, is her wit—the *swiftness* of her mind. FARMER.

So, in *As you like it*: “He is very *swift* and sententious.”  
Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“Having so *swift* and excellent a wit.”

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James said, that “the style was more *quick* and pithie than was usual in pasquils and libels.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *By thy favour, sweet welkin,*] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *here's a Costard broken* —] i. e. a head. So, in *Hyche Scorne*:

“I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horne.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *no l'envoy*;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few con-

in the mail, sir:<sup>5</sup> O, sir, plantain, a plain plan-

cluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Well said: now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the Tragedies of John Bochas, translated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *no salve in the mail, sir:]* The old folio reads—*no salve in thee male, sir*, which, in another folio, is, *no salve in the male, sir*. What it can mean, is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, no salve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read—*no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale sir—O, sir, plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other. JOHNSON.

*Male* or *mail* was a word then in use. Reynard the fox sent Kayward's head in a *male*. So, likewise, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

"Open the *males*, yet guard the treasure sure."

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation to be right.

STEEVENS.

*Male*, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient spelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the water-poet's works, (*Character of a Bawd*,) 1630:—"the cloathe-bag of counsel, the capcase, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the first folio, have—*thee male*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school-learning, as to suppose the Latin verb *salvé* and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation; and yet without this the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

The same quibble occurs in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

"*Salve*, Master Simplicius.

"*Salve* me; 'tis but a *Surgeon's complement*."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read—*no salve in them all, sir*.

TYRWHITT.

This passage appears to me to be nonsense as it stands, incapable of explanation, I have therefore no doubt but we should

tain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

*ARM.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

*MOTH.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

adopt the amendment proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and read—No salve in *them* all, Sir.

Moth tells his master, that *there was a Costard with a broken shin*: and the Knight, supposing that Moth has some conceit in what he said, calls upon him to explain it.—*Some riddle*, says he, *some enigma*. *Come—thy l'envoy—begin*. But Costard supposing that he was calling for these things, in order to apply them to his broken shin, says, he will not have them, as they were none of them salves, and begs for a plain plantain instead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Costard's speech, which provokes the illustrious Armado to laugh at the *inconsiderate who takes salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for salve*.

But when Moth, who is an arch and sensible character, says, in reply to Armado:—"Do the wise think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a salve?" we must not suppose that this question is owing to his simplicity, but that he intended thereby either to lead the Knight on to the subsequent explanation of the word *l'envoy*, or to quibble in the manner stated in the notes upon the English word *salve* and the Latin *salvé*; a quibble which operates upon the eye, not the ear:—Yet Steevens has shown it was not a new one.

If this quibble was intended, which does not evidently appear to be the case, the only way that I account for it, is this:—

As the *l'envoy* was always in the concluding part of a play or poem, it was probably in the *l'envoy* that the poet or reciter took leave of the audience, and the word itself appears to be derived from the verb *envoyer*, to send away. Now the usual salutation amongst the Romans at parting, as well as meeting, was the word *salvé*. Moth, therefore, considers the *l'envoy* as a salutation or *salvé*, and then quibbling on this last word, asks if it be not a *salve*.

I do not offer this explanation with much confidence, but it is the only one that occurs to me. M. MASON.

*ARM.* No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse,  
to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been  
sain.

I will example it : \*

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : Now the *l'envoy*.

*MOTH.* I will add the *l'envoy* : Say the moral again.

*ARM.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three :

*MOTH.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow  
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three :

*ARM.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

*MOTH.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;  
Would you desire more ?

*COST.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,  
that's flat :—  
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be  
fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and  
loose :

Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

\* *I will example it : &c.*] These words, and some others, are  
not in the first folio, but in the quarto of 1598. I still believe  
the old passage to want regulation, though it has not sufficient  
merit to encourage the editor who should attempt it :

There is in Tusser an old song, beginning—

“ The ape, the lion, the fox, and the asse,

“ Thus sets forth man in a glasse,” &c.

Perhaps some ridicule on this ditty was intended. STEEVENS.

*ARM.* Come hither, come hither : How did this argument begin ?

*MOTH.* By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*COST.* True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;

And he ended the market.<sup>7</sup>

*ARM.* But tell me ; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ?<sup>8</sup>

*MOTH.* I will tell you sensibly.

*COST.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth ; I will speak that *l'envoy* :

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*ARM.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*COST.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*ARM.* Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

*COST.* O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*ARM.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at

<sup>7</sup> *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a goose, make a market.* *Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *how was there a Costard broken in a shin?*] *Costard* is the name of a species of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already observed that the *head* was anciently called the *costard*. So, in *King Richard III.* : "Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword." A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-stick*. So, in *The Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"I hope they'll crown his service—."

"With a *costard*." STEEVENS.

liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*COST.* True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*ARM.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*MOTH.* Like the sequel, I.<sup>9</sup>—Signior Costard, adieu.

*COST.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my incony Jew !<sup>1</sup>— [*Exit* *MOTH.*

<sup>9</sup> *Like the sequel, I.] Sequele, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a single page was all his train.*

THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exists only in the apprehension of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory sense. They use it to express the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord ; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus, Holinshed, p. 639 :—“ to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *sequeale*, all civil warre and inward division might cease,” &c. Moth uses *sequel* only in the literary acceptance.

Mr. Heath observes that the meaning of Moth is,—“ I follow you as close as the *sequel* does the premises.” STEEVENS.

Moth alludes to the *sequel* of any story, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old story-books introduced in this manner : “ Here followeth the *sequel* of such a story, or adventure.” So, *Hamlet* says : “ But is there no *sequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition ?” M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — *my incony Jew !] Incony or kony in the north, signifies, fine, delicate—as a kony thing, a fine thing. It is plain, therefore, we should read :*

“ — *my incony jewel.*” WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however specious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

*Enter BIRON.*

*BIRON.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*COST.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Most brisk juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew.”

JOHNSON.

The word is used again in the 4th Act of this play:

“——most *incony* vulgar wit.”

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:

“——it makes you have a most *inconie* body.”

*Cony* and *incony* have the same meaning. So, Metaphor says, in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“O superdainty canon, vicar *inconey*.”

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“O, I have sport *inconey* i'faith.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble.”

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“A cockscomb *incony*, but that he wants money.”

STEEVENS.

There is no such expression in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there use, and from which Dr. Warburton's mistake may have arisen, bears a variety of significations, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing or value. Dr. Johnson's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment. RITSON.



*BIRON.* What is a remuneration?

*COST.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*BIRON.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*COST.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*BIRON.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: . . .  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*COST.* When would you have it done, sir?

*BIRON.* O, this afternoon.

*COST.* Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

*BIRON.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*COST.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*BIRON.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*COST.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*BIRON.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.  
[*Gives him money.*]

*COST.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:<sup>2</sup> Most

<sup>2</sup> *Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] Guerdon, i. e. reward. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“Speak on, I'll guerdon thee whate'er it be.”

Perhaps *guerdon* is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.<sup>3</sup>—Guerdon—remuneration. [Exit.

BIRON. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;  
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;  
A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

The following parallel passage in *A Health to the gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, lest thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie,) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the sayd servant, and saith unto him, Hold thee, here is a remuneration for thy paynes; which the servant receiveth, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a three-farthings peece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other coming to the sayd gentlemen's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a guerdon for thy deserts: now the servant payd no deerer for the guerdon, than he did for the remuneration; though the guerdon was xid. farthing better; for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-farthinges."

Shakspeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his present vein of jocularity, the earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* being printed in 1598. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —[in print.] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read—in point, but I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use.

So, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"Next, your ruff must stand in print."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"I am sure my husband is a man in print, in all things else."

Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"——this doublet sits in print, my lord." STEEVENS.

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!<sup>4</sup>  
 This wimpled,<sup>5</sup> whining, purblind, wayward boy;  
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Than whom no mortal so magnificent!]* Magnificent here means, *glorying, boasting.* M. MASON.

Terence also uses *magnifica verba*, for vaunting, vainglorious words. *Usque adeo illius ferre possum ineptias & magnifica verba.* Eunuch, Act IV. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *This wimpled,]* The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much plauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In *Isaiah*, iii. 22, we find: "— the mantles, and the *wimples*, and the crissing-pins:" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb:

"Here, I perceive a little rivelling

"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,

"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;]* The old reading is—*This signior Junio's, &c.* STEEVENS.

It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion,) that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore:

*This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a description of Cupid which sorts very aptly with such an emendation:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,

"For he hath been *five thousand years a boy.*"

The conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unless there is reason to think, that, in the former reading, there is an allusion to some tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to disturb the text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining slave to this passion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as absolute a tyrant against the sex. Now, with regard to these two extremes,

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Cupid might very probably be styled Junius's giant-dwarf: a giant in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a dwarf, so soon as he had got the better of it.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this passage. He reads:

"This signior *Julio's* giant-dwarf—."

Shakspeare, says he, intended to compliment *Julio Romano*, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by *Junio* is meant youth in general.

JOHNSON.

There is no reason to suppose that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written so early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then published, the supposed allusion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in support of Upton's conjecture will ascertain, that *Julio Romano* ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakspeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iv. uses *signory* for *seniority*; and Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 149, edit. 1614, speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signior* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus, in the first folio, at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*:

"S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

"E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?

"S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." TOLLET.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf should be represented in painting, I cannot well conceive. M. MASON.

If the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I should have had no doubt that the second word in the line was only the old spelling of *senior*, as in a former passage, [Act I. sc. ii.] and in one in *The Comedy of Errors* quoted by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himself called *signior*, or *senior Junio*, but a giant-dwarf to [that is, attending upon,] signior Junio, and therefore we must endeavour to explain the words as they stand. In both these copies *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name.

For the reasons already mentioned, I suppose *signior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be described as uniting in his person the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and a

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
 Dread prince of plackets,<sup>7</sup> king of codpieces,  
 Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting paritors,<sup>8</sup>—O my little heart!—  
 And I to be a corporal of his field,<sup>9</sup>

dwarf on account of his size; [So, afterwards: "Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (personified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the passion of love has most dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who ascribes to the month of June a similar etymology:

"*Junius a juvenum nomine dictus adest.*" MALONE.

I have not the smallest doubt that *senior-junior* is the true reading. Love among our ancient English poets, (as Dr. Farmer has observed on such another occasion,) is always characterized by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Dread prince of plackets,*] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> *Of trotting paritors,*] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *And I to be a corporal of his field,*] *Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, and Raleigh speaks of them twice, Vol. I. p. 103, Vol. II. p. 367, edit. 1751.

TOLLET.

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

"As *corporal of the field*, maestro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampson, by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brookesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

Thus also, in a Letter from Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, to the Privy Council. See Lodge's *Illustrations*, &c. Vol. II. 394: "Wee loste not above 2 common souldiers, and one of the *corporalls of the fielde*." STEEVENS.

It appears from Lord Stafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!<sup>1</sup>  
 What? I! I love!<sup>2</sup> I sue! I seek a wife!

"in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*] The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoop* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cognisance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon," &c. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: "All that ware the dukes sign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: "his esquires cloathed in his *colours*." Biron banters himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a *lady's colours*. So, in Cynthia's *Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*:

"Because I breathe not love to every one,

"Nor doe not use set *colours* for to weare," &c.

I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson.

STEEVENS.

Tumblers' hoops are to this day bound round with ribbands of various colours. HARRIS.

<sup>2</sup> *What? I! I love!*] A second *what* had been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—*What? I! I love!*

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech:

"And *I*, forsooth, in love! *I*, that have been love's  
 whip—"

Sir T. Hanmer supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*. MALONE.

A woman, that is like a German clock,  
Still a repairing;<sup>3</sup> ever out of frame;  
And never going aright, being a watch,

<sup>3</sup> — like a German clock,

Still a repairing;] The same allusion occurs in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"no German clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation," &c.

Again, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"— she consists of a hundred pieces,

"Much like your German clock, and near allied:

"Both are so nice they cannot go for pride.

"Besides a greater fault, but too well known,

"They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one."

Ben Jonson has the same thought in his *Silent Woman*, and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

Again, in Decker's *News from Hell*, &c. 1606:—"their wits (like wheels of Brunswick clocks) being all wound up as far as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truly."

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714:—"Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there;" &c. Again, in p. 91:—"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it,) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. See, however, Letters of *The Paston Family*, Vol. II. 2d edit. p. 31. STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany, (says Dr. Powel, in his *Human Industry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that shows the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the

But being watch'd that it may still go right?  
 Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might:  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;<sup>4</sup>  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.<sup>5</sup>  
[Exit.

year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point.” These elaborate clocks were probably often “out of frame.” MALONE.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to the *coq de Strasburg* that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

\* — *sue, and groan;*] *And*, which is not in either of the authentic copies of this play, the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

\* *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his second Act, not injudiciously, but without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*PRIN.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse  
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*BOYET.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*PRIN.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting  
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ———— *where is the bush,*

*That we must stand and play the murderer in?*] How familiar this amusement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addressed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I besiche yor Lordeshipp to tayke some sporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the same even as yo.<sup>r</sup> Lordeshippes owne. *My ladye may shote w.<sup>th</sup> her crosbowe,*" &c. Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, &c. Vol. I. p. 203.

Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Vol. III. p. 295:

"Yo.<sup>r</sup> Lordeshype hath sente me a verie greatte and fatte stagge, the wellcomer beyng *stryken by yo.<sup>r</sup> ryght honourable Ladie's hande*, &c.—My balde bucke lyves styll to wayte upon yo.<sup>r</sup> L. and my Ladie's comyng hyther, w.<sup>ch</sup> I expect whensoever shall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hytt hym* through the nose, for marryng hys whyte face;

FOR. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;  
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRIN. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

FOR. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRIN. What, what ? first praise me, and again  
say, no ?

O short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

FOR. Yes, madam, fair.

PRIN. Nay, never paint me now ;  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass,<sup>7</sup> take this for telling true ;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FOR. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

PRIN. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

howbeitt I knoe her Ladishipp takes pitie of my buckes, sence  
the last tyme y<sup>t</sup> pleased her to take the travell *to shote att them*,"  
&c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Here, good my glass,*] To understand how the princess has  
her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be re-  
membered that in those days it was the fashion among the French  
ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents  
it, *on their bellies* ; that is, to have a small mirrour set in gold  
hanging at their girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their  
faces or adjusted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to  
have recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom  
she rewards for having shown her to herself as in a mirror.

STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this passage, Dr. Johnson  
is right in the historical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*,  
is very indignant at the ladies for it : " They must have their  
*looking-glasses* carried with them, wheresoever they go : and good  
reason, for how else could they see the devil in them ? " And in  
Massinger's *City Madam*, several women are introduced with  
*looking-glasses at their girdles*. FARMER.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!  
 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
 But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,  
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:  
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;  
 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,  
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes;  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart:<sup>8</sup>  
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no  
 ill.<sup>9</sup>

BOYET. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty<sup>1</sup>

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
 Lords o'er their lords?

PRIN. Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

<sup>8</sup> *When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart:]* The harmony of  
 the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense  
 in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the  
 reader's notice. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *that my heart means no ill.] That my heart means no  
 ill,* is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The com-  
 mon phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not to him]  
*no harm.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *that self-sovereignty—]* Not a sovereignty over, but  
 in, themselves. So, *self-sufficiency, self-consequence, &c.*

MALONE.

*Enter* COSTARD.

*PRIN.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth.<sup>2</sup>

*COST.* God dig-you-den all!<sup>3</sup> Pray you, which is the head lady?

*PRIN.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*COST.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*PRIN.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*COST.* The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should  
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest  
here.

*PRIN.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*COST.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to  
one lady Rosaline.

*PRIN.* O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good  
friend of mine:

<sup>2</sup> — *a member of the commonwealth.*] Here, I believe, is  
a kind of jest intended: a member of the *common-wealth*, is  
put for one of the *common* people, one of the meanest.

JOHNSON.

The Princess calls Costard *a member of the commonwealth*,  
because she considers him as one of the attendants on the King  
and his associates in their *new-modelled society*; and it was part  
of their original plan that Costard and Armado should be *members*  
of it. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *God dig-you-den—*] A corruption of—*God give you good  
even.* MALONE.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.<sup>4</sup>

BOYET. I am bound to serve.—  
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN. We will read it, I swear:  
Break the neck of the wax,<sup>5</sup> and every one give  
ear.

BOYET. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair,  
is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth*

<sup>4</sup> ——— Boyet, you can carve;

*Break up this capon.*] i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoria literæ*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Respondre au plus obligeant poulet du monde*; to reply to the most obliging letter in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una pollicetta amorosa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word, to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says: "my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasee*."—A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

So, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at "the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work, is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed*:

"A London cuckold hot from the spit,

"And when the carver up had broke him," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the capon.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and break these letters up."

STEEVENS.

One of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. Vol. III. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera*. TOLLET,

*itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer<sup>6</sup> than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate<sup>7</sup> king Cophetua<sup>8</sup> set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw,<sup>9</sup> two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy*

<sup>6</sup> *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer &c.]* I would read, *fairer than fair, more beautiful, &c.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *—illustrate—]* for illustrious. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus, in the eleventh *Iliad*:

“—Jove will not let me meet

“*Illustrate* Hector,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *—king Cophetua—]* The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be seen in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, Henry IV. P. II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *—saw,]* The old copies here and in the preceding line have—*see.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear<sup>1</sup> the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thoulamb, that standest as his prey;  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he, that indited  
this letter?  
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever  
hear better?

BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember  
the style.

PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it<sup>2</sup>  
erewhile.<sup>3</sup>

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps  
here in court;  
A phantasm,<sup>4</sup> a Monarcho,<sup>5</sup> and one that makes sport

<sup>1</sup> *Thus dost thou hear &c.*] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — going o'er it —] A pun upon the word *stile*.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>3</sup> — erewhile.] Just now; a little while ago. So, Raleigh:  
“Here lies Hobbinol, our shepherd *while e'er*.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *A phantasm,*] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1698, is entered: “a book called *Phantasm, the Italian Taylor, and his Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty.” It probably contains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined two additional instances. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — a *Monarcho*;] The allusion is to a fantastical character

To the prince, and his book-mates.

PRIN.

Thou, fellow, a word :

of the time:—"Popular applause (says Meres) doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178. FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the same allusion:—"but now he was an insulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntillios," &c.

But one of the epitaphs written by Thomas Churchyard, and printed in a collection called his *Chance*, 4to. 1580, will afford the most ample account of this extraordinary character. I do not therefore apologize for the length of the following extract :

"The *Phantasticall Monarckes* Epitaphe.

- "Though *Dant* be dedde, and *Marrot* lies in graue,
- "And *Petrarks* sprite bee mounted past our vewe,
- "Yet some doe liue (that poets humours haue)
- "To keepe old course with vains of verses newe :
- "Whose penns are prest to paint out people plaine,
- "That els a sleepe in silence should remaine :
- "Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
- "Thyne Epitaphe shall here set forthe thy fame.
- "Thy climyng mynde aspierd beyonde the starrs,
- "Thy loftie stile no yearthly titell bore :
- "Thy witts would seem to see through peace and warrs,
- "Thy tauntyng tong was pleasant sharpe and sore.
- "And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,
- "The *Monarcke* had a deepe discoursyng braine :
- "Alone with freend he could of wonders treat,
- "In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.
- "No matche for fooles, if wisemen were in place,
- "No mate at meale to sit with common sort :
- "Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,
- "Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
- "Moste bent to words on hye and solempne daies,
- "Of diet fine, and daintie diuerse waies :
- "And well disposde, if Prince did pleasure take,
- "At any mirth that he poore man could make.



Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you ; my lord.

- “ On gallant robes his greatest glorie stood,  
 “ Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde :  
 “ He feard no state, nor caerd for worldly good,  
 “ Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.  
 “ And still he saied, the strong thrusts weake to wall,  
 “ When sword bore swaie, the *Monarke* should have all.  
 “ The man of might at length shall *Monarke* bee,  
 “ And greatest strength shall make the feeble flee.  
 “ When straungers came in presence any wheare,  
 “ Straunge was the talke the *Monarke* uttred than :  
 “ He had a voice could thonder through the eare,  
 “ And speake mutche like a merry Christmas man :  
 “ But sure small mirth his matter harped on.  
 “ His forme of life who lists to look upon,  
 “ Did shewe some witte, though follie fedde his will :  
 “ The man is dedde, yet *Monarks* liueth still.” p. 7.

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

The succeeding quotations will afford some further intelligence concerning this fantastick being : “ I could use an incident for this, which though it may seeme of small weight, yet may it have his misterie with this act, who, being of base condition, placed himself (without any perturbation of minde) in the royall seat of Alexander, which the Caldeans prognosticated to portend the death of Alexander.

“ The actors were, that Bergamasco (for his phantastick humors) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish ambassadors retinue, who being about *four and twentie yeares past*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world: the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain: the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wondred in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgement we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controversie they kept in their walk the Spanish turne: which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midst; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though

PRIN. To whom shouldst-thou give it?

COST. From my lord to my lady.

PRIN. From which lord, to which lady?

COST. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.<sup>6</sup>

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit Princess and Train.*]

BOYET. Who is the suitor?<sup>7</sup> who is the suitor?

they gave him sometimes that romthe) in respect of his supposed majestie; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies; the same keeping some decorum concerning equalitie." *A briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590, p. 39.

The reader will pardon one further notice:

"— heere comes a souldier, for my life it is a captain Swag: tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his scarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teasty as a goose that hath young goslings," &c. B. Riche's *Faults and nothing but Faults*, p. 12. REED.

<sup>6</sup> — Come, lords, away.] Perhaps the princess said rather:

— Come, ladies, away.

The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Who is the suitor?*] The old copies read—

"*Who is the shooter?*"

But it should be, *Who is the suitor?* and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on,*" &c. seem only marginal observations.

FARMER.

It appears that *suitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1605: the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths:

"Enter the *suters*, &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters*? *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope?" STEEVENS.

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*BOYET.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.  
Finely put off!

*BOYET.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou  
marry,  
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year mis-  
carry.  
Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

Wherever Shakspeare uses words equivocally, as in the present instance, he lays his editor under some embarrassment. When he told Ben Jonson he would stand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* spoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, such as it is, is lost, at least does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes absurd. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry says, "if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the constable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is lost, at least to the eye. If we write *raisons*, (between which word and *reasons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonsense. In the passage before us an *equivoque* was certainly intended; the words *shooter* and *sutor* being (as Mr. Steevens has observed) pronounced alike in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him,)—

"—— a grief that *suits*

"My very heart at root—."

instead of—a grief that *shoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *sutor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. However, I have followed the spelling of the old copy, as it is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

BOYET. And who is your deer?<sup>8</sup>

ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

BOYET. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

ROS. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

BIRON. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever<sup>9</sup> of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROS. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it*, [Singing.  
*Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

BOYET. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt* ROS. and KATH.

COST. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

MAR. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

<sup>8</sup> *And who is your deer?*] Our author has the same play on this word in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — queen Guinever —] This was King Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. Mordred the Pict is supposed to have been her paramour.—See the song of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

**BOYET.** A mark! O, mark but that mark; A  
mark, says my lady!  
Let the mark have a prick in't,<sup>1</sup> to mete at, if it  
may be.

**MAR.** Wide o' the bow hand!<sup>2</sup> I'faith your hand  
is out.

**COST.** Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll  
ne'er hit the clout.<sup>3</sup>

**BOYET.** An if my hand be out, then, belike your  
hand is in.

**COST.** Then will she get the upshot by cleaving  
the pin.<sup>4</sup>

**MAR.** Come, come, you talk greasily,<sup>5</sup> your lips  
grow foul.

<sup>1</sup> *Let the mark have a prick in't,*] Thus, says the Princess Floripas in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyn*, p. 56:

“ ——— sir Gye my love so free,  
“ Thou kanste well hit the *pricke*;  
“ He shall make no booste in his contre,  
“ God gyfe him sorowe thikke.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Wide o' the bow hand!*] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. DOUCE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the clout.*] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *by cleaving the pin.*] Honest Costard would have befriended Dean Milles, whose note on a song in the *Pseudo-Rowley's* ELLA has exposed him to so much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. The present application of the word *pin*, might have led the Dean to suspect the qualities of the *basket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *you talk greasily,*] i. e. grossly. So, in Marston's third *Satire*:

“ ——— when *greasy* Aretine,  
“ For his rank fico, is sirnam'd divine.” STEEVENS.

*COST.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

*BOYET.* I fear too much rubbing; <sup>6</sup> Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

*COST.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!<sup>7</sup> To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!<sup>8</sup>—

And his page o't'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*]

[*Exit COSTARD, running.*]

<sup>6</sup> *I fear too much rubbing;]* To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *to bear her fan!]* See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. where Nurse asks Peter for her fan. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *a' will swear!]* A line following this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter HOLOFERNES,<sup>9</sup> Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*NATH.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Holofernes,*] There is very little personal reflexion in Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says:

— *his taxing like a wild-goose flies,*  
*Unclaim'd of any man—."*

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and school-master of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which, in his epistle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little less value than Stephens's Treasure of the Greek Tongue*, the most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who criticised his works, *sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tooings adders forks, their lips aspes poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.* Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences.

There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed in 1598, and said to be *presented before her Highness this last Christmas, 1597.* The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.— Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre*

*HOL.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,— blood;<sup>1</sup> ripe as a pomewater,<sup>2</sup> who now hangeth

*their mouths on Socrates, those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue, &c.* Here Shakspeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the *sonnet of the gentleman his friend*, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princess, &c.* in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.* And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper, it was that Shakspeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant, of Thubal Holoferne.

WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakspeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in our author's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking *a leash of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for as Peacham observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England,



like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,<sup>3</sup>—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab,

are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *histories* without any decorum.”—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons:

“ In Italie your lordship well hath scene

“ Their manners, monuments, magnificence,

“ Their language learnt, in sound, in style, in sense,

“ Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.

“ — To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*.”

We see, then, the character of the schoolmaster might be written with less learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the use of the word *thrasonical*, [See this play, Act V. sc. i.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. Stanyhurst writes, in a translation of one of Sir Thomas More's *Epigrams*:

“ Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thrasonical* hufsnuffe.”

It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leisure from modern plays, will condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon be satisfied that Shakspeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the course of his profession, such Latin *fragments* as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *critical* essay from that of King James to that of Dean Swift inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previously looked at the panegyric on Cartwright, he could not so strangely have misrepresented my argument from it: but thus it must ever be with the most ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me, however, take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleased to use on this occasion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the Princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verses above cited, are prefixed to Florio's *Dict.* 1598.

MALONE.

In support of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following passage from

on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Orlando Furioso*, 1594, may be brought: “— Knowing him to be a *Thrasonical* mad cap, they have sent me a *Gnathonical* companion,” &c.

Greene, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the same word: “— as of some *thrasonical* huffe-snuffe.”

Florio's first work is registered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title: “Aug. 1578. *Florio his First Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and English, with certen Instructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tongue.” In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and English Dictionary to the Earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he published his translation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work: “— as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — in sanguis,—blood;] The old copies read—*sanguis*, in blood. The transposition was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the same manner: “— in the ear of *cælo*, the sky,” &c. The same expression occurs in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“If we be English *deer*, be then in *blood*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — ripe as a pomewater,] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerard's *Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 1273.

Again, in the old ballad of *Blew Cap for me*:

“Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting *pomewaters*.”

STEEVENS.

In the first Act of *The Puritan*, Pyeboard says to Nicholas: “The captain loving you so dearly, aye as the *pome-water* of his eye.”—Meaning the pupil, or *apple* of it, as it is vulgarly called.

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — in the ear of *cælo*, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined “*heaven*, the *skie*, firmament, or *welkin*,” and *terra* is explained thus: “The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie,—*land*, *soile*,” &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Lost*, this might add some little strength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, though it would by no means be decisive; but my edition is dated 1598, (posterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the first. MALONE.

NATH. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.<sup>4</sup>

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

DULL. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

DULL. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus* !—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not

<sup>4</sup> ——— But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head—  
————— 'twas a pricket.] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages :

“ *Amoretto*. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck is the first year, a fawn ; the second year, a PRICKET ; the third year, a SORRELL ; the fourth year, a soare ; the fifth, a buck of the FIRST HEAD ; the sixth year, a compleat buck. Likewise your hart is the first year, a calfe ; the second year, a brocket ; the third year, a spade ; the fourth year, a stag ; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is the first year, a kid ; the second year, a gird ; the third year, a hemuse ; and these are your special beasts for chase.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 : “ I am but a pricket, a mere sorell ; my head's not harden'd yet.”

STEEVENS.

replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible  
in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we  
thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts  
that do fructify in us more than he.<sup>5</sup>

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,  
or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him  
in a school:<sup>6</sup>

*And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful  
should be*

*(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do  
fructify in us more than he.]* The length of these  
lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities af-  
ford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it,  
wants on a particle, I think, to make it sense: I would read:

*lyd such barren plants are set before us, that we thank-  
ful should be,*

*(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts, that  
fructify in us more than he.*

*Which* in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an  
idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly  
grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am  
afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*,  
or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have  
expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do  
fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

The old copies read—"which we taste and feeling—" &c.  
I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation in the text. STEEVENS.

Some examples confirming Dr. Johnson's observation may be  
found at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's last observation is fully supported by a subse-  
quent passage:

" ——— and then we,

" Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of *she*."

MALONE.

*' For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,  
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school: ]*  
The meaning is, to be in a school would ill become a *patch*, or  
low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,  
*Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

DULL. You two are book-men: Can you tell by  
 your wit,  
 What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not  
 five weeks old as yet?

HOL. Dictynna,<sup>7</sup> good man Dull; Dictynna,  
 good man Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna?

NATH. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL. The moon was a month old, when Adam  
 was no more;  
 And raught not<sup>8</sup> to five weeks, when he came to  
 fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.<sup>9</sup>

DULL. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in  
 the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-  
 sion holds in the exchange.

<sup>7</sup> Dictynna,] Old copies—*Dictisima*. Corrected by Mr.  
 Rowe. MALONE.

Shakspeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana,  
 in the second Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamor-  
 phosis*:

“Dictynna garded with her traine, and proud of killing  
 deere.”

It occurs also in the first satire of Marston, 1598, and in the  
 9th *Thebaid* of Statius, 632. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And raught not —] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in *The Arraign-  
 ment of Paris*, 1584:

“——the fatal fruit

“*Raught* from the golden tree of Proserpine.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> The allusion holds in the exchange.] i. e. the riddle is as  
 good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of  
 Cain. WARBURTON.

**DULL.** And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

**HOL.** Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have' call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

**NATH.** *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

**HOL.** I will something affect the letter;<sup>2</sup> for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess<sup>3</sup> pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*

*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;*

*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.*

<sup>1</sup> — *I have* —] These words were inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *affect the letter*;] That is, I will practise alliteration.

M. MASON.

To *affect* is thus used by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*:

"Spenser in *affecting* the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The praiseful princess* —] This emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The quarto 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly—*prayful*. MALONE.

The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of Ulpian Fulwell, in his *Commemoration of Queen Anne Bullayne*, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed, 1575:

"Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

"And price of endless fame," &c. STEEVENS.

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O  
sore L!*<sup>4</sup>

*Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one  
more L.*

NATH. A rare talent!

DULL. If a talent be a claw,<sup>5</sup> look how he claws  
him with a talent.<sup>6</sup>

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;  
a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,  
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, re-  
volutions: these are begot in the ventricle of me-  
mory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*;<sup>7</sup> and  
deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the  
gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am  
thankful for it.

NATH. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so  
may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd

<sup>4</sup> — *O sore L!*] The old copies read—*O sorell*. The ne-  
cessary change was made by Dr. Warburton. The allusion (as  
he observes) is to L, being the numeral for fifty.

This correction (says Mr. Malone,) is confirmed by the rhyme:

“A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *sorell*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *If a talent be a claw, &c.*] In our author's time the *talon*  
of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble  
here, and in *Twelfth-Night*: “—let them use their *talents*.”  
So, in *The First Part of the Contention between the Houses of  
York and Lancaster*, 1600:

“Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents*?”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

“—and now doth ghastly death

“With greedy *tallents* gripe my bleeding heart.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *claws him with a talent.*] Honest Dull quibbles. One  
of the senses of to *claw*, is to flatter. So, in *Much Ado about  
Nothing*: “—laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in  
his humour.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *pia mater*;) See Vol. V. p. 265. STEEVENS.

by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOL. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable,<sup>8</sup> I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master person.

HOL. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on.<sup>9</sup> And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

<sup>8</sup> ——— if their daughters be capable, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEVENS.

*Capable* is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

“O ’tis a parlous boy,

“Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*.”

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *quasi* pers-on.] So, in Holinshed, p. 953:

“Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *person* of Honie-lane.” Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell*, 1560:

“And send such whens home to our *person* or vicar.”

I believe, however, we should write the word—*pers-one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff*. STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards Moth says: “Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*.”

*Person*, as Sir William Blackstone observes in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Persona ecclesiæ*.

MALONE.



**COST.** Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

**HOL.** Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

**JAQ.** Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

**HOL.** *Fauste, precor gelidâ<sup>1</sup> quando pecus omne  
sub umbrâ*

<sup>1</sup> Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ* —] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to Sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

*Fauste, precor gelidâ, &c.*] A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42, will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakspeare sustained the character of his pedant.—*Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poesies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le Arma virumque cano, le Fauste precor gelida; c'est-a-dire, à l' Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par, Fauste, precor gelidâ.* WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page, for the use of schools. In the year 1594 they were also versified by Turberville. STEEVENS.

From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdicts *Pierce Penniless* for a grammar-school wit; saies, his margine

*Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*  
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*<sup>2</sup>

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*<sup>3</sup>—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

is as deeply learned as *Fauste precor gelida.*” A translation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567.  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*  
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*] Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this: *He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little.* But I suppose Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

The proverb stands thus in Howell's *Letters*, B. I. sect. i. l. 36:

“*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*  
“*Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto le dispregia.*”  
“*Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;*  
“*Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise.*”

The players in their edition, have thus printed the first line.  
*Vemchie, vencia, que non te unde, que non te perreche.*

Mr. Malone observes that “the editor of the first folio here, as in many other instances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald.” STEEVENS.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

“*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*  
“*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ut, re, sol, &c.*] He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in *King Lear*, Act I. sc. ii. where see Dr. Burney's note. DOUCE.

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse;  
*Lege, domine.*

NATH. If love make me forsworn,<sup>4</sup> how shall I  
swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty  
vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful  
prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like  
osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would  
comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall  
suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee  
commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without  
wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts  
admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his  
dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and  
sweet fire.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *If love make me forsworn, &c.*] These verses are printed with some variations in a book entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *thy voice his dreadful thunder,*  
*Which, not to anger bent, is musick and sweet fire.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon; love, this wrong,  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue!

*HOL.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified;<sup>6</sup> but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of

“ — his voice was *propertied*—

“ As all the *tuned spheres*, and that to friends;

“ But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb;

“ He was as ratling *thunder*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Here are only numbers ratified;*] Though this speech has all along been placed to Sir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reason. The speaker here is impeaching the verses; but Sir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: besides, as Dr. Thirlby observes, almost every word of this speech fathers itself on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little to the contents.

*And why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitatory is nothing.*

Sagacity with a vengeance! I should be ashamed to own myself a piece of a scholar, to pretend to the task of an editor, and to pass such stuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitatory*? Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two distinct things. The speech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongst his English; and he is here flourishing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakspeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular notice of it:

“ I remember about the year 1602, many used this skew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white and half black.” STEEVENS.

fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse<sup>7</sup> his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*JAQ.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,<sup>8</sup> one of the strange queen's lords.

*HOL.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing<sup>9</sup> to the person written unto:

*Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,* BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip

<sup>7</sup> —the tired horse—] The *tired horse* was the horse adorned with ribbands,—The famous *Bankes's horse* so often aluded to. Lyly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a Hackneyman and Mr. Halfpenny at cross-purposes with this word: "Why didst thou boare the horse through the eares?"—"It was for tiring." "He would never *tire*," replies the other. FARMER.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, P. II. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and *tyre* thee."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

"My love hath *tyred* some fidler like Albano."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,*] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard." M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> —writing—] Old copies—*written*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Instead of *Sir Nathaniel* the old copies have—*Sir Holofernes*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

and go, my sweet;<sup>1</sup> deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

JAQ. Good Costard go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

COST. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. and JAQ.]

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.<sup>2</sup> But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast,<sup>3</sup> it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-said child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

NATH. And thank you too: for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

<sup>1</sup> Trip and go, my sweet;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nashe, 1600:

“Trip and go, heave and hoe,

“Up and down, to and fro—.” MALONE.

These words are certainly part of an old popular song. There is an ancient musical medley beginning, *Trip and go hey!*

RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— colourable colours.] That is specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— before repast,] Thus the quarto. Folio—being repast.  
MALONE.

*HOL.* And, certes,<sup>4</sup> the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To DULL.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

*BIRON.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;<sup>5</sup> pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,<sup>6</sup> I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here

<sup>4</sup> ——— certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. So, in Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6790:

“And certes, sire, though non auctoritee

“Were in no book,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I am toiling in a pitch;*] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me,*] This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia*. RITSON.

my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.

*Enter the King, with a paper.*

KING. Ah me!

BIRON. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy birdbolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

KING. [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun  
gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:<sup>7</sup>  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears<sup>8</sup> of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

<sup>7</sup> *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;*] This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks*. Shakspeare, in one of his other pieces, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect in which. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears —*] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

“But hers, which through the chrystal tears gave light,  
“Shone, like the moon in water, seen by night.”

MALONE.



No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,  
 So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe;  
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
 And they thy glory through thy grief will show:  
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!  
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—  
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;  
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?  
 [Steps aside.]

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool,  
 appear! [Aside.]

LONG. Ah me! I am forsworn.

BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure,<sup>9</sup> wear-  
 ing papers. [Aside.]

KING. In love, I hope;<sup>1</sup> Sweet fellowship in  
 shame! [Aside.]

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name.  
 [Aside.]

<sup>9</sup> — *he comes in like a perjure,*] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus, Holinshed, p. 838, speaking of Cardinal Wolsey: “—he so punished a perjurie with open punishment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was less used.”

Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth*:—“the gentlemen were all taken and cast into prison, and afterwards were sent down to Ludlow, there to *wear papers of perjury*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *In love, I hope; &c.*] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville. The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

BIRON. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort;  
not by two, that I know:  
Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of so-  
ciety,  
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simpli-  
city.

LONG. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power  
to move:  
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!  
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIRON. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton  
Cupid's hose:  
Disfigure not his slop.<sup>2</sup>

LONG.

This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*]

<sup>2</sup> O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.] The old copies read—shop.

STEEVENS.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *shop*? or what relation can those two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *shop*? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

*Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men: and we have dealers, whose sole business it is to furnish the sailors with shirts, jackets, &c. who are called *slop-men*, and their shops, *slop-shops*. THEOBALD.

I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of Casa's *Galateo* is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding*: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes hosen*, or *Cupides doublet*." FARMER.

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye  
 ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,) Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
 Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
 Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine;  
 If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,  
 To lose an oath to win a paradise?<sup>3</sup>*

BIRON. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,<sup>4</sup> which makes flesh a deity;  
 A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.  
 God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.*

LONG. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*]

BIRON. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid,<sup>5</sup> an old infant play:

<sup>3</sup> *To lose an oath to win a paradise?*] The *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—*To break an oath.* But the opposition between *lose* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the liver vein,*] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“If ever love had interest in his liver.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *All hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and seek.*

MUSGRAVE.

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
 More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my  
 wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!<sup>6</sup>

DUM. O most divine Kate!

BIRON. O most prophane coxcomb!  
 [Aside.]

DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

BIRON. By earth she is but corporal; there you  
 lie.<sup>7</sup> [Aside.]

<sup>6</sup> — *four woodcocks in a dish!*] See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. sc. i. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.*] Old edition:  
*By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.*

Dumain, one of the lovers, in spite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord; he had no sort of post in the army: what wit, or allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal*? I dare warrant, I have restored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies these hyperbolical praises. I scarce need hint, that our poet commonly uses *corporal*, as *corporeal*. THEOBALD.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time, was used for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*—"each *corporal* agent."

Again:

"—and what seem'd *corporal*, melted

"As breath into the wind."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"His *corporal* motion govern'd by my spirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, and in other places. MALONE.

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.<sup>8</sup>

BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.  
[*Aside.*]

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIRON. Stoop, I say;  
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*]

DUM. As fair as day.

<sup>8</sup> — *amber coted.*] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — certain players  
“ We *coted* on the way.”

Again, in Chapman's *Homer*:

“ — Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,  
“ Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far  
his steeds.”

The beauty of *amber* consists in its variegated *cloudiness*, which *Dumain* calls *foulness*. The hair of his mistress in varied shadows exceeded those of *amber*. *Foul* may be used (as *fair* often is) as a substantive. Pliny in his *Nat. Hist.* B. XXXVII. ch. xi. p. 609, informs us that “ Nero Domitius made a sonnet in the praise of the haire of the Empresse Poppæa his wife, which he compared to *amber*; and from that time our daintie dames and fine ladies have begun to set their mind upon this colour,” &c. STEEVENS.

Quoted here, I think, signifies *marked, written down*. So, in *All's well that end's well*:

“ He *quoted* for a most perfidious knave.”

The word in the old copy is — *coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnson has observed in the last scene of this play,) is only the old spelling of *quoted*, owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote*, is elsewhere used by our author, with the signification of *over-take*, but that will by no means suit here. MALONE.

The word here intended, though misspelled, is *quoted*, which signifies *observed* or *regarded*, both here and in every place where it occurs in these plays; and the meaning is, that *amber* itself is regarded as *foul*, when compared with her hair.

M. MASON.

BIRON. Ay, as some days; but then no sun  
must shine. [Aside.

DUM. O that I had my wish!

LONG. And I had mine!  
[Aside.

KING. And I mine too, good Lord! [Aside.

BIRON. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good  
word? [Aside.

DUM. I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood,<sup>9</sup> and will remember'd be.

BIRON. A fever in your blood, why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers;<sup>1</sup> Sweet misprision!  
[Aside.

DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have  
writ.

BIRON. Once more I'll mark how love can vary  
wit. [Aside.

————— but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet*:  
“For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages.”

STEEVENS.

————— why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers;] It was the fashion among the  
young gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or  
elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her  
name in their blood, as a proof of their passion.

Thus, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a gentleman gives the  
following description of him, when in love with the King:

“Thus he begins, though light and life of creatures,  
“Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;  
“And so proceeds to *incision*.”

But the custom is more particularly described in Jonson's  
*Cynthia's Revels*, where Phantaste, describing the different  
modes of making love, says:—“A fourth with *stabbing* himself,  
and *drinking* healths, or writing *languishing* letters in his  
blood.”—And in the *Palinode*, at the end of the play, Amorphus  
says: “From *stabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!”

M. MASON.

DUM. *On a day, (alack the day!)  
 Love, whose month is ever May,  
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air:  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;<sup>2</sup>  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!<sup>3</sup>  
 But alack, my hand is sworn,<<sup>4</sup>  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:<sup>5</sup>  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee:  
 Thou for whom even Jove would swear,<sup>6</sup>  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;*

<sup>2</sup> — *'gan passage find;*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have—*can*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wish* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Air, would I might triumph so!*] Perhaps we may better read:  
 "Ah! would I might triumph so!" JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *my hand is sworn,*] A copy of this sonnet is printed in England's *Helicon*, 1614, and reads:

"But, alas! my hand *hath* sworn."

It is likewise printed as Shakspeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *from thy thorn:*] So, Mr. Pope. The original copy reads—*throne*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *even Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in England's *Helicon*, 1614. STEEVENS.

*Swear* is here used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*ev'n* Jove, which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

*And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send; and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.<sup>7</sup>  
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,  
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;  
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

LONG. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far  
from charity,  
That in love's grief desir'st society:  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

KING. Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush; as his  
your case is such;  
You chide at him, offending twice as much:  
You do not love Maria; Longaville  
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;  
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;  
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:  
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
One, her hairs<sup>8</sup> were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

I would willingly abandon the adoption, if I could read the line without it, and persuade myself that I was reading a verse. But when was *swear* ever used as a dissyllable, at the end of a verse? STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *my true love's fasting pain.*] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> One, *her hairs* —] The folio reads—*On her hairs, &c.* I some years ago conjectured that we should read—*One, her hairs were gold, &c. i. e. the hairs of one of the ladies were of*



You would for paradise break faith and troth ;  
[To LONG.

And Joye, for your love, would infringe an oath.  
[To DUMAIN.

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear  
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?<sup>9</sup>  
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?  
For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.

BIRON. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me :

[Descends from the tree.  
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving,<sup>1</sup> that art most in love?  
Your eyes do make no coaches;<sup>2</sup> in your tears,  
There is no certain princess that appears :

*the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as crystal.*  
The King is speaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two  
lovers on their mistresses. On examining the first quarto, 1598,  
I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so it reads. *One* and  
*on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's  
plays. See a note on *King John*, Act III. sc. iii. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?*] The re-  
peated article A (which is wanting in the oldest copy) appears to  
have been judiciously restored by the editor of the folio 1632.  
At least, I shall adopt his supplement, till some hardy critick  
arises and declares himself satisfied with the following line :

“ Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear—”  
in which “ ze—al” must be employed as a dissyllable. See Mr.  
Malone's note 6, p. 109. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *These worms for loving,*] So, in *The Tempest*, Prospero  
addressing Miranda, says—

“ Poor worm, thou art infected.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Your eyes do make no coaches;*] Alluding to a passage in the  
king's sonnet :

“ No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.” STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*couches*. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;  
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.  
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?  
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!<sup>3</sup>  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —teen!] i. e. grief. So, in *The Tempest*:

“To think o' the *teen* that I have turn'd you to.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To see a king transformed to a gnat!*] Mr. Theobald and the succeeding editors read—to a *knot*. MALONE.

*Knot* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read—*sot*. The rhymes in this play are such as that *sat* and *sot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king laid—

“—— his wreathed arms athwart

“His loving bosom——”

so long; i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *sat* is in some counties pronounced *sot*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme.

In the old comedy of *Albumazar*, the same thought occurs:

“Why should I twine my arms to *cables*?”

So, in *The Tempest*:

“—— sitting,

“His arms in this sad *knot*.”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen *knot*:

“Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

“And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief

“With folded arms.”

Again, in *The Raging Turk*, 1631:

“—— as he walk'd,

“Folding his arms up in a pensive *knot*.”

The old copy, however, reads—a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to *St. Matthew*, xxiii. 24, where

To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critick Timon<sup>5</sup> laugh at idle toys!

the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind. It is foolish even to a proverb, and it is said to be easily ensnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it. COLLINS.

So, in *The Alchemist*:

“My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.

“*Knotts*, godwits,” &c.

Again, in the 25th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,

“Of that great king of Danes his name that still doth hold,

“His appetite to please that far and near were sought.”

STEEVENS.

To see a king transformed to a gnat!] Alluding to the singing of that insect, suggested by the poetry the king had been detected in. HEATH.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a passage in Spenser's *Fairy Queene*, B. II. c. ix:

“As when a swarme of *gnats* at even-tide

“Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,

“Their murmuring small *trompettes* sounden wide,” &c.

MALONE.

*Gnat* is undoubtedly the true reading, and is that, it seems, of the old copy. Biron is abusing the King for his sonnetting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies. Besides, the word *gnat* preserves the rhyme, which is here to be attended to. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — critick Timon —] *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

“— my adder's sense

“To *critick* and to *flatterer* stopped are.” MALONE.

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

*KING.* Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*BIRON.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;  
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy,*] The old copy reads—"men-like men." STEEVENS.

This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus:

*With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.*

WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but the poet perhaps may mean, *with men like common men.* JOHNSON.

The following passage in *King Henry VI.* P. III. adds some support to Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

"Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

"And as the air blows it to me again,

"Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

"And yielding to another when it blows,

"Commanded always by the greater gust;

"Such is the lightness of your common men."

*Strange*, which is not in the quarto or first folio, was added by the editor of the second folio, and consequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy were manifestly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious. MALONE.

Slight as the authority of the second folio is here represented to be, who will venture to displace *strange*, and put any other word in its place? STEEVENS.

I agree with the editors in considering this passage as erroneous, but not in the amendment proposed. That which I would suggest is, to read *moon-like*, instead of *men-like*, which is a more poetical expression, and nearer to the old reading than *vane-like*. M. MASON.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me?<sup>7</sup> When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state,<sup>8</sup> a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?—

**KING.** Soft; Whither away so fast?  
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

**BIRON.** I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

**JAQ.** God bless the king!

**KING.** What present hast thou there?

**COST.** Some certain treason.

**KING.** What makes treason here?

I have not scrupled to place this happy emendation in the text; remarking at the same time that a *vane* is no where styled *inconstant*, although our author bestows that epithet on the *moon* in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — the *inconstant moon*

“ That monthly changes—.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — now from head to foot

“ I am marble-constant, now the *fleeing moon*

“ No planet is of mine.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *As you like it*: “ —being but a *moonish youth*, changeable,” — *inconstant*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *In pruning me?*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up

“ The crest of youth—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *a gait, a state,*] *State*, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to *gait* (i. e. the motion) and signifies the act of *standing*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Her motion and her *station* are as one.” STEEVENS.

*COST.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*KING.* If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

*JAQ.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be  
read;

Our parson<sup>9</sup> misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

*KING.* Biron, read it over.

*[Giving him the letter.]*

Where hadst thou it?

*JAQ.* Of Costard.

*KING.* Where hadst thou it?

*COST.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*KING.* How now! what is in you? why dost  
thou tear it?

*BIRON.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace  
needs not fear it.

*LONG.* It did move him to passion, and there-  
fore let's hear it.

*DUM.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his  
name. *[Picks up the pieces.]*

*BIRON.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, *[To Cos-  
TARD.]* you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

*KING.* What?

*BIRON.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to  
make up the mess:

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

<sup>9</sup> *Our parson*—] Here, as in a former instance, in the authen-  
tick copies of this play, this word is spelt *person*; but there  
being no reason for adhering here to the old spelling, the modern  
is preferred. MALONE.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIRON. True true; we are four :—  
Will these turtles be gone?

KING. Hence, sirs; away.

COST. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

BIRON. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :  
'The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;  
Young blood will not obey an old decree :  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;  
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING. What, did these rent lines show some  
love of thine?

BIRON. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the  
heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,<sup>1</sup>  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?

KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee  
now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;  
She, an attending star,<sup>2</sup> scarce seen a light.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the gorgeous east,*] Milton has transplanted this into the third line of the second Book of *Paradise Lost* :

“ Or where *the gorgeous east*—.” STEEVENS.

**BIRON.** My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:<sup>3</sup>  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth  
seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;<sup>4</sup>

She passes praise; then praise too short doth  
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

**KING.** By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

<sup>2</sup> *She, an attending star,]* Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

“ You meaner beauties of the night,

“ That poorly satisfy our eyes,

“ More by your number than your light,

“ You common people of the skies,

“ What are you when the sun shall rise?” JOHNSON.

“ — Micat inter omnes

“ Julium sidus, velut inter ignes

“ Luna minores.” *Hor.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:]* Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Birón is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biron*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;]* So, in our author's 21st Sonnet:

“ I will not *praise*, that purpose not to *sell*.” MALONE.



BIRON. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!<sup>5</sup>

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.<sup>6</sup>

KING. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;<sup>7</sup>  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.<sup>8</sup>

BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
of light.

<sup>5</sup> *Is ebony like her? O wood divine!]* Word is the reading of all the editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading: (as I had likewise conjectured)

— *O wood divine!* THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *beauty doth beauty lack,*

*If that she learn not of her eye to look:*

*No face is fair, that is not full so black.]* So, in our poet's  
132d Sonnet:

“ — those two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—

“ O, let it then as well besem thy heart

“ To mourn for me;—

“ Then will I swear, *beauty herself is black,*

“ *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*”

See also his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *Black is the badge of hell,*

*The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;]* In former  
editions:

— *the school of night.*

*Black* being the *school* of night, is a piece of mystery above  
my comprehension. I had guessed, it should be:

— *the stole of night:*

but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warbur-  
ton, who reads:

— *the scowl of night,*

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as  
well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

In our author's 148th Sonnet we have—

“ Who art as *black* as hell, as *dark* as night.”

MALONE.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,<sup>9</sup>  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect;  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days;  
 For native blood is counted painting now;  
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

\* *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.*] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top* the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John*:

"—— this is the very *top*

"The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*

"Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus*:

"—— to the *spire* and top of praises vouch'd."

So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—— the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the top of them all, because *cap* was the uppermost part of a man's dress. TOLLET.

Ben Jonson, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Masque, says:

"To you that are by excellence a queen,

"The *top of beauty*," &c.

Again, in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, P. I. ch. xiv:

"—— in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, so that theyr matches are not to bee had." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— and *usurping hair*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The sentiments here uttered by Biron, may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet.

MALONE.

*DUM.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
black.

*LONG.* And, since her time, are colliers counted  
bright.

*KING.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
crack.

*DUM.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is  
light.

*BIRON.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*KING.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell  
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*BIRON.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day  
here.

*KING.* No devil will fright thee then so much  
as she.

*DUM.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*LONG.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her  
face see. [Showing his shoe.

*BIRON.* O, if the streets were paved with thine  
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*DUM.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward  
lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*KING.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?

*BIRON.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all for-  
sworn.

*KING.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón,  
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*DUM.* Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this evil.

*LONG.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilllets,<sup>1</sup> how to cheat the devil.

*DUM.* Some salve for perjury.

*BIRON.* O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :<sup>2</sup>  
Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—  
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—  
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn<sup>3</sup> his book :  
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons up<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *some quilllets,*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est* :—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>2</sup> — *affection's men at arms :*] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>3</sup> — *hath forsworn* —] Old copies—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> — *prisons up*—] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—*poisons up*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A passage in *King John* may add some support to it :

The nimble spirits in the arteries;<sup>5</sup>  
 As motion, and long-during action, tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;  
 And study too, the causer of your vow:  
 For where is any author in the world,  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?<sup>6</sup>  
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords;  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books;<sup>7</sup>  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation, have found out  
 Such fiery numbers,<sup>8</sup> as the prompting eyes

“Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 “Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy, thick,*  
 “Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The nimble spirits in the arteries;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the *nerves*; as appears from the name, which is derived from *αἶμα τηρεῖν*. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *our books;*] i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive most information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In leaden contemplation, have found out*  
*Such fiery numbers,*] *Numbers* are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. *Could you*, says Biron, *by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?*

JOHNSON.

*In leaden contemplation,*] So, in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:

“With a sad, leaden, downward cast.”

Again, in Gray's *Hymn to Adversity*:

“With leaden eye that loves the ground.” STEEVENS.

Of beauteous tutors<sup>9</sup> have enrich'd you with?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;<sup>1</sup>  
 And therefore finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Of beauteous tutors* —] Old copies—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Other slow arts entirely keep the brain* ;] As we say, *keep the house*, or *keep their bed*. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — *the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd* ;] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey.

WARBURTON.

"*The suspicious head of theft is the head suspicious of theft.*"  
 "He watches like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias* :

"A heavy pouch with golde makes a light hart."

FARMER.

The *thief* is as watchful on his part, as the person who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *theft* a person.

M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason might have countenanced his explanation, by a passage in *The Third Part of King Henry VI* :

"*Suspicion* always haunts the guilty mind :

"*The thief* doth fear each bush an officer :

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who signs himself *Lucius* in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786: "*The suspicious head of theft* (says he) is the suspicious head of *the*

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled<sup>3</sup> snails;  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:  
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?<sup>4</sup>  
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;<sup>5</sup>

*thief.* There is no man who listens so eagerly as a thief, or whose ears are so acutely upon the stretch." STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — cockled —] i. e. inshelled, like the fish called a *cockle*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?*] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we say, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately observed, are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,  
 "Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,  
 "That watch'd *the garden*, call'd *HESPERIDES*."

The word may have been used in the same sense in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the *Hesperides*,  
 "Shutteth the garden's gate—." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;*] This expression, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—

"Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. Warburton.

"— as sweet and musical

"As bright Apollo's lute *strung with his hair*."

The author of the *Revisal* supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138: "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *strung with sunbeams*? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense; and in the style of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lyly's *Mydas*, a play which most probably preceded

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.<sup>6</sup>

Shakspeare's. [Act IV. sc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the *strings* of *Daphne's* *haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes," &c. T. WARTON.

Lyly's *Mydas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was published in 1592. The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,  
"Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,  
"And kept them to play musick to the gods?"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*, a poem, 1599:

"With whose hart-strings Amphion's lute is strung,  
"And Orpheus' harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*] This nonsense we should read and point thus:

*And when love speaks the voice of all the gods,  
Mark, heaven drowsy with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that love was the parent and support of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἐρωτός φωνή καὶ λόγος. *The Voice and Speech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of disorders: alluding again to the ancient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is—

"Make heaven ————" JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reason for Dr. Warburton's emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by his critick. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When love speaks*, (says Biron) *the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this:—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice*



Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;

*of Love.* That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech ; and much the same thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arsileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song*, By Bar. Yong ; published in *England's Helicon*, 1600 :

“ Unless mild *Love* possesse your amorous breasts,

“ If you sing not to him, your songs *do wearie*.”

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed ; but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read :

Makes *heaven drowsy with its harmony*.

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike used to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the voice of the gods, appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's well that ends well*, observes, that to *speak a sound* is a barbarism. To *speak a voice* is, I think, no less reprehensible. STEEVENS.

The meaning is, whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

Makes *heaven drowsy with the harmony*.] The old copies read —*make*. The emendation was made by Sir T. HAMMER. More correct writers than Shakspeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this speech the same error occurs : “ —each of you *have* forsworn—.”

For *makes*, read *make*. So, in *Twelfth-Night* : “ —for every one of these *letters* are in my name.”

Again, in *King Henry V* :

“ The *venom* of such *looks*, we fairly hope,

“ *Have* lost their quality.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ The *posture* of your *blows* are yet unknown.”

Again, more appositely, in *King John* :

“ How oft the *sight* of *means* to do ill deeds

“ *Make* ill deeds done.”

So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander* :

“ The *outside* of her garments were of *lawn*.”

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :<sup>7</sup>

See also, the sacred writings: "The *number of the names together were about an hundred and twenty.*" *Acts i. 15.*

MALONE.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

*And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods  
Make heaven drowsy with thy harmony.*

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue*; and the *gods* (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read Pindar, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian.

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as I think, some one has proposed before:

*The voice makes all the gods  
Of heaven drowsy with the harmony.* FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring  
"With charms all potent, earth *asleep to bring.*"

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"—— music call, and strike more dead,  
"Than common *sleep*, of all these five the sense."

STEEVENS.

So, also, in *King Henry IV. P. II.*:

"—— softly pray;  
"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,  
"Unless some dull and favourable hand  
"Will whisper *musick* to my wearied spirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"—— Most heavenly *musick*!  
"It nips me into listening, and *thick slumber*  
"Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me rest." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear ;  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;<sup>s</sup>

*From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.*

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revisal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines, are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but because they are repeated in a subsequent part of the speech. There are also some other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of these lines ought to be struck out. Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the subject of their discourse. M. MASON.

<sup>s</sup> — *a word that loves all men ;*] We should read :

— *a word all women love.*

The following line :

*Or for men's sake (the authors of these women ;)*

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all question.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, transposing the lines :

*Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;*

*For women's sake, by whom we men are men ;*

*Or for men's sake, the authors of these women.*

The antithesis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itself worth little, has much of the spirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to, " *men's sakes, the authors of these words.*" FARMER.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has

Or for men's sake, the authors<sup>9</sup> of these women;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;  
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn:  
 For charity itself fulfils the law;  
 And who can sever love from charity?

*KING.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*BIRON.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;<sup>1</sup>  
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.<sup>2</sup>

been observed by the author of *The Revisal*, the word which terminates every line is prefixed to the word *sake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

— *a word that loves all men ;*] i. e. that is pleasing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time:—*it likes me well, for it pleases me.* Shakspeare uses the word thus licentiously, merely for the sake of the antithesis. *Men* in the following line are with sufficient propriety said to be authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuance of human kind. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the authors—*] Old copies—*author.* The emendation was suggested by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;*] So, in *King Richard III.*:

“ Advance our standards, set upon our foes—;”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *but be first advis'd,*

*In conflict that you get the sun of them.*] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts. MALONE.

LONG. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes  
by:

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING. And win them too: therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIRON. First, from the park let us conduct them  
thither;

'Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Fore-run fair Love,<sup>3</sup> strewing her way with flowers.

KING. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

BIRON. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd  
no corn;<sup>4</sup>

And justice always whirls in equal measure:  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>3</sup> *Fore-run fair Love,*] i. e. Venus. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* soft hours—."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *sow'd cockle reap'd no corn* ;] This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falshood. The following lines lead us to the sense. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's first interpretation of this passage, which is preserved in Mr. Theobald's edition,—“if we don't take the proper measures for winning these ladies, we shall never achieve them,”—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's second thoughts. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *If so, our copper buys no better treasure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third Act. JOHNSON.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

HOL. *Satis quod sufficit.*<sup>6</sup>

NATH. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been<sup>7</sup> sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>8</sup> audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this

<sup>6</sup> *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *your reasons at dinner have been &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

So again, in this play:

“Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*.”

*Audacious* was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldness*:

“—she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *without affection,*] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*: “—No matter that might indite the author of *affectation*.” Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, Malvolio is called “an *affectation'd* ass.” STEEVENS.

*quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,<sup>9</sup> his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.<sup>1</sup> He is too picked,<sup>2</sup> too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it,

<sup>9</sup> — *his tongue filed*,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in the use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *thrasonical*.] The use of the word *thrasonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. FARMER.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *He is too picked*,] To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Bastard in *King John*:

“ ————— I catechise

“ My *piqued* man of countries.” JOHNSON.

See a note on *King John*, Act I. and another on *King Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently spelt and interpreted.

*Piqued* may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, says: “ We weare our forked shoes almost as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotion, for our bootes and shooes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house.”

STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely drest* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning* their broken or superfluous feathers. So Chaucer uses the word, in his description of Damian dressing himself, *Canterbury Tales*, v. 9885: “ He kembeth him, he proineth him and piketh.” And Shakspeare, in this very play,

NATH. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,<sup>3</sup> such insociable and point-devise<sup>4</sup> companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable,<sup>5</sup> (which he would call

uses the corresponding word *pruning* for *dress*ing, Act IV. sc. iii:

“ — or spend a minute's time

“ In *pruning* me—.”

The substantive *pickedness* is used by Ben Jonson for *nicety* in *dress*. *Discoveries*, Vol. VII. Whalley's edit. p. 116: “—too much *pickedness* is not manly.” TYRWHITT.

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: “—he might have showed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate person of Hermaphroditus.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — phantasms,] See Act IV. sc. i:

“ A *phantasm*, a Monarcho—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *point-devise* —] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Malvolio says:

“ I will be *point-devise*, the very man.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *This is abhominable*, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out: “ *Abominor, execror. Asinitas mera est, impietas,*” &c. and calls his adversary: “ *Lutum stercore maceratum, dæmoniacum recrementum inscitie, sterquilinium, stercus diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium, κατάρμα.*”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare knew nothing of this language; and the resemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deserves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppish manner of speaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lyly and his imitators.

— *abhominable*,] Thus the word is constantly spelt in the old



abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie;<sup>6</sup> *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

moralties and other antiquated books. So, in *Lusty Juventus*, 1561 :

“ And then I will bryng in

“ *Abominable lyving.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *it insinuateth me of insanie; &c.*] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of infamie: Ne intelligis, domine? to make frantick, lunatick.*

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bome, boon for boon Priscian; a little scratch, 'twill serve.] Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it:

*Bone?*—*bone* for *bene*. Priscian *a little scratched*: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (*nonne intelligis, domine?*) *to be mad, frantick, lunatick.* JOHNSON.

*Insanie* appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word used:

“ In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,

“ With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,

“ After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,

“ For Alexander Iden he did his diligence.” STEEVENS.

I should rather read—“ *it insinuateth men of insanie.*”

FARMER.

NATH. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

HOL. *Bone?*——*bone*, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

NATH. *Videsne quis venit?*

HOL. *Video, & gaudeo.*

ARM. *Chirra!* [To MOTH.

HOL. *Quare Chirra*, not *sirrah*?

ARM. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.<sup>7</sup>

[To COSTARD *aside*.

COST. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words!<sup>8</sup> I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as

<sup>7</sup> *They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.*] So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "The phrase of sermons, as it ought to agree with the scripture, so heed must be taken, that their whole sermon seem not a banquet of the broken fragments of scripture." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the alms-basket of words!*] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in *The Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, by T. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket." Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612: "He must feed on beggary's basket." STEEVENS.

The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those pieces of broken meat into a *basket* for the poor."

MALONE.

*honorificabilitudinitatibus*:<sup>9</sup> thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.<sup>1</sup>

MOTH. Peace; the peal begins.

ARM. Monsieur, [*To HOL.*] are you not letter'd?

MOTH. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

HOL. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

MOTH. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

HOL. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

MOTH. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOL. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

MOTH. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known.

JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

“His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of sound and no sense.” I meet with it likewise in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— a flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. ult. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Moth. *The third of the five vowels, &c.*] In former editions: *The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth if I.*

Hol. *I will repeat them, a, e, i.*—

Moth. *The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.*

Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

*ARM.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit :<sup>3</sup> snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

*MOTH.* Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

*HOL.* What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

*MOTH.* Horns.

*HOL.* Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

*MOTH.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa* ;<sup>4</sup> A gig of a cuckold's horn !

*COST.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou

<sup>3</sup> ——— a quick venew of wit :] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615 :

“ ——— in the fencing-school

“ To play a *venew*.” STEEVENS.

A *venue*, as has already been observed, is not a *bout* at fencing, but a *hit*. “ A sweet touch of wit, (says Armado,) a smart *hit*.” So, in *The Famous Historie of Captain Thomas Stukely*, b. l. 1605 : “ — for forfeits, and *vennyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns.” MALONE.

Notwithstanding the positiveness with which my sense of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation sufficiently establishes it ; for who ever talked of *playing a hit* in a fencing-school ?

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— I will whip about your infamy *circum circa* :] So, as Dr. Farmer observes, in *Greene's Quip for an upstart Courtier* : “ He walked not as other men in the common beaten waye, but compassing *circum circa*.” The old copies read—*unum cita*.

STEEVENS.

Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But *Moth* would certainly mean—*circum circa* ; i. e. about and about : though it may be designed he should mistake the terms.

THEOBALD.

shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unguem*.

ARM. Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house<sup>5</sup> on the top of the mountain ?

HOL. Or, *mons*, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, sans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend :—For what is inward<sup>6</sup> between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy ;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head ;<sup>7</sup>—and among other impor-

<sup>5</sup> — the charge-house —] I suppose, is the *free-school*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — inward —] i. e. confidential. So, in *K. Richard III* :  
“ Who is most *inward* with the noble duke ? ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I do beseech thee*, remember thy courtesy ;—*I beseech thee*, apparel thy head :] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor ; and that we should

tunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,<sup>8</sup> with my mustachio: but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Ar-

read—I do beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the King treats him, and intimates (“but let that pass,”) that when he and his Majesty converse, the King lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: “*I do beseech thee, (will he say to me) remember not thy courtesy; do not observe any ceremony with me; be covered.*” “The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591,) is a kind of *courtesie* or *ceremonie* rather to be avoided than otherwise.”

These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis. To whomsoever the words are supposed to be addressed, the emendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed by a passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: “Give me your neif, mounsier Mustardseed. Pray you, *leave your courtesie, mounsier.*”

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he desires Osrick to “put his bonnet to the right use,” begins his address with the same words which Armado uses: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here:

“Ham. *I beseech you, remember—*

“Osr. Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith.”

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next scene:

“O, that your face were so full of O's—.”

instead of—were *not* so full, &c. MALONE.

By “remember thy courtesy,” I suppose Armado means—*remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *dally with my excrement,*] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

mado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,<sup>9</sup> with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*HOL.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*NATH.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*HOL.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman,<sup>1</sup> Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *chuck*,] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck*—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *myself*, or *this gallant gentleman*,] The old copy has —and this, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—shall pass *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, “because of his great limb.” MALONE.

“Shall *pass* Pompey the great,” seems to mean, shall *march* in the procession for him; *walk* as his representative.

STEEVENS,

*ARM.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*HOL.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*MOTH.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;<sup>2</sup> though few have the grace to do it.

*ARM.* For the rest of the worthies?—

*HOL.* I will play three myself.

*MOTH.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*ARM.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*HOL.* We attend.

*ARM.* We will have, if this fadge not,<sup>3</sup> an antick. I beseech you, follow.

*HOL.* *Via*,<sup>4</sup> goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*DULL.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*HOL.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to make an offence gracious;] i. e. to convert an offence against yourselves, into a dramatic propriety.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— if this fadge not,] i. e. suit not, go not, pass not into action. Several instances of the use of this word are given in *Twelfth-Night*.

Another may be added from Chapman's version of the 22d *Iliad*:

“This fudging conflict.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Via*,] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.



*DULL.* I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*HOL.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*PRIN.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in :  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—  
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*ROS.* Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

*PRIN.* Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in rhyme,  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*ROS.* That was the way to make his god-head wax ;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— to make his god-head wax ;] To wax anciently signified to grow. It is yet said of the moon, that she waxes and wanes.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I :

“ I view those wanton brooks that waxing still do wane.”

Again, in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoses*, 1601 :

“ Men's follies will ever wax, and then what reason can make them wise ?”

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V :

“ The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither.” STEEVENS.

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*KATH.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*ROS.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd  
your sister.

*KATH.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might have been a grandam ere she died:  
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*ROS.* What's your dark meaning, mouse,<sup>6</sup> of this  
light word?

*KATH.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*ROS.* We need more light to find your meaning  
out.

*KATH.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in  
snuff;<sup>7</sup>  
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*ROS.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the  
dark.

*KATH.* So do not you; for you are a light  
wench.

*ROS.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore  
light.

*KATH.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care  
not for me.

<sup>6</sup> — mouse,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouse*.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — taking it in snuff:] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. See more instances of this conceit in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

ROS. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.<sup>8</sup>

PRIN. Well bandied both; a set of wit<sup>9</sup> well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:  
Who sent it? and what is it?

ROS. I would, you knew:  
An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great; be witness this.  
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:  
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,  
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:  
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.  
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

PRIN. Any thing like?

ROS. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

PRIN. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

KATH. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

\* ——— *for, Past cure is still past care.*] The old copy reads—*past care is still past cure.* The transposition was proposed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it must be owned, is supported by a line in *King Richard II.*

“ Things past redress are now with me past care.”

So, also, in a pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632: “ She had got this adage in her mouth. Things past cure, past care.”—Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet seem rather in favour of the old reading:

“ Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

“ And frantick mad with evermore unrest.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *a set of wit*—] A term from tennis. So, in *King Henry V.*

“ ——— play a set

“ Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.”

STEEVENS.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils! <sup>1</sup> How? let me not die your debtor,  
My red dominical, my golden letter:  
O, that your face were not so full of O's! <sup>2</sup>

*KATH.* A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows! <sup>3</sup>

*PRIN.* But what was sent to you from fair Dumain? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Ware pencils!] The former editions read:

"Were pencils——."

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored:

"'Ware pencils——."

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox oes. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> —— so full of O's!] Shakspeare talks of "—fiery O's and eyes of light," in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!*] "*Pox of that jest!*" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sickness of the *poxe*: and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

*A pox of that jest! &c.*] This line, which in the old copies is given to the Princess, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expression, shew that—"I beshrew," the reading of these copies, was a mistake of the transcriber. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?*] The old

KATH. Madam, this glove.

PRIN. Did he not send you twain?

KATH. Yes, madam ; and moreover,  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :  
A huge translation of hypocrisy.  
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

MAR. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-  
ville ;  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRIN. I think no less : Dost thou not wish in  
heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never  
part.

PRIN. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

ROS. They are worse fools to purchase mocking  
so.

That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.  
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!<sup>5</sup>  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;

copies, after *But*, insert *Katharine*. We should, therefore,  
read :

“ But, Katharine, what was sent you from Dumain ? ”

RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *in by the week?*] This I suppose to be an expression  
taken from hiring servants or artificers ; meaning, I wish I was  
as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corom-  
bona*, 1612 :

“ What, are you *in by the week*? So ; I will try now whether  
thy wit be close prisoner.” Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*,  
1604 :

“ Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year.”

STEEVENS.

And shape his service wholly to my behests ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests !<sup>7</sup>  
 So portent-like<sup>8</sup> would I o'ersway his state,  
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *wholly to my behests ;*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, read—to my *device*. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy. MALONE.

Mr. Malone, however, admits three other corrections from the second folio in this very sheet. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And make him proud to make me proud that jests !*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery*.—Edinburgh Magazine, for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *So portent-like &c.*] In former copies:

*So pertaunt-like, would I o'er-sway his state,  
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.*

In old farces, to show the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or Fate ; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— merely thou art *Death's Fool* ;

“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

“ And yet run'st towards him still—.”

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*. WARBURTON.

The emendation appeared first in the Oxford edition.

MALONE.

Until some proof be brought of the existence of such characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere assertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this passage must be literally understood, independently of any particular allusion. The old reading might probably mean—“ so *scoffingly* would I o'ersway,” &c. The initial letter in Stowe, mentioned by Mr. Reed in *Measure for Measure*, here cited, has been altogether

*PRIN.* None are so<sup>9</sup> surely caught, when they  
are catch'd,  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*ROS.* The blood of youth burns not with such  
excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.<sup>1</sup>

*MAR.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter BOYET.*

*PRIN.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*BOYET.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's  
her grace?

*PRIN.* Thy news, Boyet?

*BOYET.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—  
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:  
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

misunderstood. It is only a copy from an older letter which formed part of a *Death's Dance*, in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always represented. I have several of these alphabets.

DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> *None are so &c.*] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *to wantonness.*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio have—to *wantons be*. For this emendation we are likewise indebted to the second folio. MALONE.

PRIN. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid!<sup>2</sup> What are they,  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;*  
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*  
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the  
shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus: and fleer'd, and swore,

<sup>2</sup> *Saint Dennis, to saint Cupid!]* The Princess of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Johnson censures the Princess for invoking with so much levity the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, she gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle *St. Cupid*:

“*Saint Cupid* then, and soldiers to the field.”

M. MASON.



A better speech was never spoke before :  
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
 Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come* :  
 The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well* :  
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
 That in this spleen ridiculous<sup>3</sup> appears,  
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.<sup>4</sup>

PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd  
 thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *spleen ridiculous* —] Is, a ridiculous *fit* of laughter.

JOHNSON.

The *spleen* was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So, in some old Latin verses already quoted on another occasion:

“ *Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *passion's solemn tears.*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears

“ The passion of loud laughter never shed.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,*] The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion ; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since.

WARBURTON.

A mask of Muscovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the first year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament-chamber at Westminster: “ came the lorde Henry, Earle of Wiltshire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe satin travarsed with white satin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimosen satin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havying an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:  
 And every one his love-feat will advance  
 Unto his several mistress; which they'll know  
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

*PRIN.* And will they so? the gallants shall be  
 task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;  
 And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
 So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
 And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours most in  
 sight.

*KATH.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*PRIN.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
 They do it but in mocking merriment;  
 And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
 With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*PRIN.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot:  
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;  
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.<sup>6</sup>

turned up." *HALL, Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to convey an idea of the dress used upon the present occasion by the King and his Lords at the performance of the play. *RITSON.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— her face.] The first folio, and the quarto, 1598, have —his face. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

PRIN. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in,<sup>7</sup> if he be out.  
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.  
[Trumpets sound within.

BOYET. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers come. [The ladies mask.

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked ; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.*

MOTH. *All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !*

BOYET. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.<sup>8</sup>

MOTH. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*  
[The ladies turn their backs to him.

*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views !*

BIRON. *Their eyes, villain, their eyes.*

MOTH. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !*  
*Out—*

<sup>7</sup> — will ne'er come in,] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—will e'er. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron ; but, surely, very absurdly : for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make such an inference. Boyet is sneering at the parade of their address, is in the secret of the ladies' stratagem, and makes himself sport at the absurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost propriety.

BOYET. True ; out, indeed.

MOTH. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,  
vouchsafe  
Not to behold—*

BIRON. *Once to behold, rogue.*

MOTH. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
— with your sun-beamed eyes —*

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet ;  
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

MOTH. They do not mark me, and that brings  
me out.

BIRON. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you  
rogue.

ROS. What would these strangers ? know their  
minds, Boyet :  
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes :  
Know what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the princess ?

BIRON. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they ?

BOYET. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be  
gone.

BOYET. She says, you have it, and you may be  
gone.

KING. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET. They say, that they have measur'd many  
a mile,  
To tread a measure<sup>9</sup> with you on this grass.

<sup>9</sup> *To tread a measure —*] The measures were dances solemn  
and slow. They were performed at court, and at public enter-

ROS. It is not so : ask them, how many inches  
Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

BOYET. If, to come hither you have measur'd  
miles,  
And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary  
steps.

BOYET. She hears herself.

ROS. How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for  
you ;

tainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them ; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1622, describes them in this manner :

“ But, after these, as men more civil grew,  
“ He did more *grave and solemn measures frame* :  
“ With such fair order and proportion true,  
“ And correspondence ev'ry way the same,  
“ That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,  
“ For every eye was moved at the sight,  
“ With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.  
“ Not those young students of the heavenly book,  
“ Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,  
“ Which on the stars did all their life-time look,  
“ Could ever find such measure in the skies,  
“ So full of change, and rare varieties ;  
“ Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,  
“ Are only *spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.*” REED.

See Beatrice's description of this dance in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 38. MALONE.

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*ROS.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*KING.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds  
do !

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,<sup>1</sup> to  
shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*ROS.* O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*KING.* Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe  
one change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

*ROS.* Play, musick, then : nay, you must do it  
soon. [*Musick plays.*

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the  
moon.

*KING.* Will you not dance ? How come you  
thus estrang'd ?

*ROS.* You took the moon at full ; but now she's  
chang'd.

*KING.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.<sup>2</sup>  
The musick plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*ROS.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*KING.* But your legs should do it.

<sup>1</sup> *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,*] When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador, how he liked her ladies, *It is hard*, said he, *to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *the man.*] I suspect, that a line which rhymed with this, has been lost. MALONE.

*ROS.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,  
We'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not dance.

*KING.* Why take we hands then ?

*ROS.* Only to part friends :—  
Court'sy, sweet hearts ;<sup>3</sup> and so the measure ends.

*KING.* More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

*ROS.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*KING.* Prize you yourselves ; What buys your company ?

*ROS.* Your absence only.

*KING.* That can never be.

*ROS.* Then cannot we be bought : and so adieu ;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

*KING.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*ROS.* In private then.

*KING.* I am best pleas'd with that.  
[*They converse apart.*]

*BIRON.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*PRIN.* Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

*BIRON.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ;—Well run, dice !  
There's half a dozen sweets.

*PRIN.* Seventh sweet, adieu !  
Since you can cog,<sup>4</sup> I'll play no more with you.

<sup>3</sup> Court'sy, sweet hearts ;] See *Tempest*, Vol. IV. p. 43 :

“ Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd—.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Since you can cog,] To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye. JOHNSON.

*BIRON.* One word in secret.

*PRIN.* Let it not be sweet.

*BIRON.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*PRIN.* Gall? bitter.

*BIRON.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

*DUM.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*MAR.* Name it.

*DUM.* Fair lady,—

*MAR.* Say you so? Fair lord,—  
Take that for your fair lady.

*DUM.* Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

*KATH.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*LONG.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*KATH.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*LONG.* You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

*KATH.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman;<sup>5</sup>—Is not veal a calf?

*LONG.* A calf, fair lady?

*KATH.* No, a fair lord calf.

*LONG.* Let's part the word.

*KATH.* No, I'll not be your half:

<sup>5</sup> Veal, quoth the Dutchman;] I suppose by *veal*, she means *well*, sounded as foreigners usually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question.



Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATH. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.  
[*They converse apart.*]

BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;  
Above the sense of sense : so sensible  
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings,  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.<sup>6</sup>

ROS. Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

BIRON. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

KING. Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, MOth, Musick, and Attendants.*]

PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—  
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

BOYET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

<sup>6</sup> *Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.*]  
Mr. Ritson observes, that, for the sake of measure, the word *bullets* should be omitted. STEEVENS.

*ROS.* Well-liking wits<sup>7</sup> they have ; gross, gross ;  
fat, fat.

*PRIN.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night ?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?  
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*ROS.* O ! they were all<sup>8</sup> in lamentable cases !  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*PRIN.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

*MAR.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword :  
No *point*, quoth I ;<sup>9</sup> my servant straight was mute.

*KATH.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his  
heart ;  
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

*PRIN.* Qualm, perhaps.

*KATH.* Yes, in good faith.

*PRIN.* Go, sickness as thou art !

<sup>7</sup> Well-liking wits —] *Well-liking* is the same as *embonpoint*.  
So, in *Job*, xxxix. 4: “ — Their young ones are in *good liking*.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> O ! they were all. &c.] *O*, which is not found in the first  
quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> No-point, quoth I ;] *Point* in French is an adverb of nega-  
tion ; but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a  
sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the  
other passages it appears, that either our author was not well ac-  
quainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it  
was different formerly from what it is at present.

The former supposition appears to me much the more proba-  
ble of the two.

In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Philomusus says—  
“ Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte ; non debet fieri*,” &c. See also Florio's  
*Italian Dict.* 1598, in v. “ Punto.—never a whit ;—no *point*, as  
the Frenchmen say.” MALONE.

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of Queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others,) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 74. GREY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother Red-cap. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and playwrights, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial saying. So, in *Hans Beerpot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,

"You shall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right.

JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for sallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says: "—though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."

Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606:

"—— in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *shop-keeper*."

That these sumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimensions of ruffs, and the length of swords, were executed with great exactness but little discretion,

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*PRIN.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

*KATH.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*MAR.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*BOYET.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*PRIN.* Will they return ?

*BOYET.* They will, they will, God knows ;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :  
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*PRIN.* How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

*BOYET.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :

by a set of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious passage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, June, 1580: " The French Imbasidore, Mounswer Mouiser, [Mauvisiere, or, rather, Malvoisier,] riding to take the ayer, in his returne cam thowrowe Smithfield ; and ther, at the bars, was steayed by thos officers that sitteth to cut sours, by reason *his raper was longer than the statute*: He was in a great feaurie, and dreawe his raper. In the meane season my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so steayed the matt.<sup>r</sup> Hir Matie is greatlie ofended wth the ofisers, in that they wanted jugement." See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, Vol. II. p. 228. STEEVENS.

The statute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which these statute caps are described, "*plain statute caps*," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. MALONE.

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:*

*Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,*

*Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.]* This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

*Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud:*

*Or angels veil'd in clouds: are roses blown,*

*Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown.*

But he, willing to show how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

*Or angel-veiling clouds——*

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was Shakspeare's purpose to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's chance to compare her to a cloud: and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However, I supposed the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be——

*—— angels veil'd in clouds.*

but

*—— angels vailing clouds,*

i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man vails his bonnet. WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun*. *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible? JOHNSON.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 91, says: "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i. e. they began to descend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakspeare uses the word *vailing* in this sense, the meaning is—Angels descending from clouds which concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnson's exposition may be better.

TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the stream. So, in the French *Romant de la Rose*, v. 1415:

*PRIN.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*ROS.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;<sup>3</sup>  
And wonder, what they were; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*BOYET.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at  
hand.

*PRIN.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.  
[*Exeunt Princess,*<sup>4</sup> *ROS. KATH. and MARIA.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
in their proper habits.*

*KING.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the  
princess?

*BOYET.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither?

*KING.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one  
word.

*BOYET.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.  
[*Exit.*

“*Leaue aloit aval enfaissant*

“*Son melodieux et plaisant.*”

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, 1575*: “—as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *shapeless gear*;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakespeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Exeunt Princess, &c.*] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth Act here. JOHNSON.

BIRON. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons  
peas ;<sup>5</sup>

And utters it again when God doth please :  
He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares  
At wakes, and wassels,<sup>6</sup> meetings, markets, fairs ;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :  
He can carve too, and lisp :<sup>7</sup> Why, this is he,  
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;

<sup>5</sup> ——— pecks up wit, as pigeons peas ;] This expression is proverbial :

“ Children pick up words as pigeons peas,

“ And utter them again as God shall please.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

*Pecks* is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has—*picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts ; *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594 : “ The sower scattered some seede by the highway side, which the foules of the ayre peck'd up.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— wassels,] *Wassels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— Antony,

“ Leave thy lascivious wassels”——

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vii. STEEVENS.

*Waes heal*, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the Lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *wassel* or *waissail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purpose of festivity. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *He can carve too, and lisp :*] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, represents an accomplished squire of the days of chivalry, particularly in the instances here noted.—“ Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le silence cet art de *bien parler*, lorsqu'en qualité d' *Ecuyer* TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les festins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'adresse & l'élégance convenables, et à les faire distribuer

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms; nay, he can sing  
 A mean most meanly;<sup>8</sup> and, in ushering,  
 Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:  
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
 To show his teeth as white as whales bone;<sup>9</sup>

aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans sa jeunesse, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis cet office, qui, dans les maisons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans." *Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

"I cannot cog, (says Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,) and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these *lisp*ing hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel—" On the subject of *carving* see Vol. V. p. 40, n. 2. MALONE.

\* *A mean most meanly*; &c.] The *mean*, in musick, is the tenor. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill;

"Four parts in one; the *mean* excluded quite."

Again, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*. Cant. iii:

"The base and treble married to the *mean*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — as *white as whales bone*.] *As white as whales bone* is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. In *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. i. st. 15:

"Whose face did seem as clear as chrystal stone,

"And eke, through feare, as *white as whales bone*."

And in L. Surrey, fol. 14, edit. 1567:

"I might perceive a wolf, as *white as whales bone*,

"A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none."

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas:

"A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,

"One of jasper, another of *whales bone*;

"Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."

*Crowne of Lawrell*, p. 24, edit. 1736. T. WARTON.



And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my  
heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE,  
MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

BIRON. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what  
wert thou,  
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?<sup>1</sup>

—— as *whales bone*:] The Saxon genitive case. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Swifter than the *moones sphere*.”

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale*. The same simile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

“The erle had no chylde but one,

“A mayden as *white as whales bone*.”

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Isembras*, bl. l. no date:

“His wyfe as *white as whales bone*.”

Again, in *The Squyr of Low Degree*, bl. l. no date:

“Lady as *white as whales bone*.”

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

“—— his herrings which were as *white as whales bone*,” &c. STEEVENS.

This *white whale his bone*, now superseded by *ivory*, was the tooth of the *Horse-whale*, *Morse*, or *Walrus*, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon translation of *Orosius*.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>1</sup> —— *Behaviour, what wert thou,*

*Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?*] These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But

*KING.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*PRIN.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*KING.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*PRIN.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*KING.* We came to visit you; and purpose now  
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

*PRIN.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your  
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

*KING.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.<sup>2</sup>

*PRIN.* You nick-name virtue: vice you should  
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

that when it degenerates into show and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. *WARBURTON.*

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprized in the quotation. *JOHNSON.*

*Till this man show'd thee?*] The old copies read—"Till this mad man," &c. *STEEVENS.*

An error of the press. The word *mad* must be struck out.

*M. MASON.*

<sup>2</sup> *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*] I believe our author means that the *virtue*, in which word goodness and power are both comprized, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The Princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity. *JOHNSON.*

KING. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRIN. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;  
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING. How, madam ? Russians ?

PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord ;  
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

ROS. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord ;  
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)  
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.<sup>3</sup>  
We four, indeed, confronted here with four  
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

BIRON. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle  
sweet,<sup>4</sup>  
Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *My lady, (to the manner of the days,)*

*In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.] To the manner of the days, means according to the manner of the times.—Gives undeserving praise, means praise to what does not deserve it.*

M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Fair, gentle sweet,]* The word *fair*, which is wanting in the two elder copies, was restored by the second folio. Mr. Malone reads—" *My gentle sweet.*"

" *My fair, sweet honey monarch*" occurs in this very scene, p. 182. STEEVENS.

*Sweet* is generally used as a substantive by our author, in his addresses to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" — When you speak, *sweet*,

" I'd have you do it ever."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" And now, good *sweet*, say thy opinion."

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,  
 By light we lose light: Your capacity  
 Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*ROS.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my  
 eye,—

*BIRON.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*ROS.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*BIRON.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*ROS.* All the fool mine?

*BIRON.* I cannot give you less.

*ROS.* Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

*BIRON.* Where? when? what visor? why demand  
 you this?

*ROS.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous  
 case,  
 That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*KING.* We are descried: they'll mock us now  
 downright.

*DUM.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*PRIN.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-  
 ness sad?

*ROS.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why  
 look you pale?—  
 Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Again, in *Othello*:

“ — O, my sweet,

“ I prattle out of tune.”

The editor of the second folio, with less probability, (as it  
 appears to me,) reads—*fair*, gentle sweet. MALONE.

\* — *when we greet &c.*] This is a very lofty and elegant  
 compliment. JOHNSON.

BIRON. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;<sup>6</sup>

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles,<sup>7</sup> spruce affectation,<sup>8</sup>

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand,

God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

<sup>6</sup> — my friend;] i. e. mistress. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — he hath got his friend with child.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Three-pil'd hyperboles,] A metaphor from the pile of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says:

“ I have worn three-pile.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — spruce affectation,] The old copies read—*affection*.

STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection for affectation*; “ — witty without *affection*.” The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable; and the rhyme such as they thought sufficient. MALONE.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the word *affectation* occurs, and was most certainly designed to occur again in the present instance. No ear can be satisfied with such rhymes as *affection* and *ostentation*. STEEVENS.

And, to begin wench,—so God help me, la!—  
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans sans*, I pray you.<sup>9</sup>

BIRON. Yet I have a trick  
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;  
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—  
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,<sup>1</sup> on those three;  
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

<sup>9</sup> *Sans sans*, *I pray you*.] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans sans*, i. e. *without sans*; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had *forsworn* all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> *Write, Lord have mercy on us*,] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histrionomastix*, 1610:

“It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a printed bill on a plague-door.”

Again, in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

“Have *tokens* stamp'd on them to make them known,  
“More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague.”

Again, in *More Fools yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610:

“To declare the *infection* for his sin,  
“A *crosse* is set without, there's none within.”

Again, *ibid.*:

“But by the way he saw and much respected  
“A doore belonging to a house infected,  
“Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custom still)  
“*The Lord have mercy on us*: this sad bill  
“The sot perus'd——.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters*, 1632:

“*Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city pestilence.” MALONE.

These lords are visited; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

PRIN. No, they are free, that gave these tokens  
to us.

BIRON. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo  
us.

ROS. It is not so; For how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?<sup>2</sup>

BIRON. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

ROS. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BIRON. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude  
transgression

Some fair excuse.

PRIN. The fairest is confession.  
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

KING. Madam, I was.

PRIN. And were you well advis'd?<sup>3</sup>

KING. I was, fair madam.

PRIN. When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

KING. That more than all the world I did re-  
spect her.

PRIN. When she shall challenge this, you will  
reject her.

<sup>2</sup> — *how can this be true,*

*That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?]* That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies *to prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *well advis'd?]* i. e. acting with sufficient deliberation. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My liege, I am *advis'd* in what I say." STEEVENS.

*KING.* Upon mine honour, no.

*PRIN.* Peace, peace, forbear ;  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.<sup>4</sup>

*KING.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*PRIN.* I will ; and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

*ROS.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight ; and did value me  
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*PRIN.* God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*KING.* What mean you, madam ? by my life, my  
troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*ROS.* By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

*KING.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give ;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*PRIN.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;  
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear :—  
What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

*BIRON.* Neither of either ;<sup>5</sup> I remit both twain.—

<sup>4</sup> ——— *you force not to forswear.*] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. X. ch. 59 :

“ ——— he forced not to hide how he did err.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Neither of either ;*] This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.



I see the trick on't ;—Here was a consent,<sup>6</sup>  
 (Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)  
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy :  
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight  
                     zany,<sup>7</sup>  
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,<sup>8</sup> some  
                     Dick,—  
 That smiles his cheek in years;<sup>9</sup> and knows the trick

<sup>6</sup> ——— a consent,] i. e. a conspiracy. So, in *K. Henry VI.*  
Part I:

"\_\_\_\_\_ the stars

"That have *consented* to king Henry's death."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *zany*,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimick. So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

— sung —

"To every seuerall *zanie*'s instrument."

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,

"When they will *zany* men." STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *some* trencher-knight,] See page 177:

"And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

"Holding a *trencher*,"—&c. MALONE.

9 — some Dick,—

*That smiles his cheek in years;*] Mr. Theobald says, he cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phrase. It was not his heart but his head that stood in the way. *In years*, signifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

"With mirth and *laughter* let old wrinkles come."

See the note on that line—But the Oxford editor was in the same case, and so alters it to *fleers*. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his *Dutchess of Malfy*, makes Castruchio declare of his lady: "She cannot endure merry company, for she says much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinkle*." FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

"That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—he doth smile his cheek into more lines than are in the new map," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres*. *Jeers*, the present emendation, which I proposed some time ago, I have since observed, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to sup-

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—  
Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,  
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

port the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be used in that licentious sense, surely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth-Night*: “—he does *smile his cheek into* more lines than are in the new map,” &c. The change being only that of a single letter for another nearly resembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly spelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in use in our author's time than at present. In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here :

“ And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,

“ That dwell in every region of his *face*.”

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated singer, who, with William Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his *KIND HARTS DREAME*, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree fair, in Essex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now made. From the following passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, it seems to have been a common term for a noisy swaggerer:

“ O he, sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed ;

“ Bar him your house.”

Again, in Kemp's *Nine daies wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

“ A boy arm'd with a poking stick

“ Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*.”

Again, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: “—nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in discoursing of his fraies, and deep acting of his slashing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen.” MALONE.

As the aptitude of my quotation from *Twelfth-Night* is questioned, I shall defend it, and without much effort; for Mr. Malone himself must, on recollection, allow that *in*, throughout the plays of Shakspeare, is often used for *into*. Thus, in *King Richard III*:

“ But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave.”

I really conceived this usage of the preposition *in*, to have been too frequent to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
 We are again forsworn; in will, and error.  
 Much upon this it is:—And might not you,<sup>1</sup>

[To BOYET.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,<sup>2</sup>  
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
 You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;<sup>3</sup>  
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.  
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,  
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

<sup>1</sup> — in will, and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,] I believe this passage should be read thus:

— in will and error.

Boyet. Much upon this it is.

Biron. And might not you, &c. JOHNSON.

In will, and error.] i. e. first in will, and afterwards in error.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>2</sup> — by the squire,] From *esquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. The sense is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. HEATH.

*Squire* in our author's time was the common term for a *rule*. See Minsheu's *Dict.* in v. The word occurs again in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the seventh Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, ch. 56: "As for the rule and *squire*, &c. Theodorus Samius devised them." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Go, you are allow'd;] i. e. you may say what you will; you are a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"There is no slander in an allow'd fool." WARBURTON.

BOYET. Full merrily  
Hath this brave manage,<sup>4</sup> this career, been run.

BIRON. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

COST. O Lord, sir, they would know,  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

BIRON. What, are there but three?

COST. No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

BIRON. And three times thrice is nine.

COST. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,  
it is not so:  
You cannot beg us,<sup>5</sup> sir, I can assure you, sir; we  
know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

BIRON. Is not nine.

<sup>4</sup> *Hath this brave manage,]* The old copy has *manager*.  
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *You cannot beg us,]* That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number.  
JOHNSON.

It is the wardship of *Lunaticks* not *Ideots* that devolves upon the next relations. Shakspeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnson, was not aware of the distinction. DOUCE.

It was not the *next relation* only who begg'd the wardship of an ideot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the lord coming to another nobleman's house, the fool saw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, answered, you have more cause to love me for it; for if my lord had seen the picture of the fool in the hangings,

*COST.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*BIRON.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*COST.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

*BIRON.* How much is it?

*COST.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man;<sup>6</sup> Pompion the great, sir.

*BIRON.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*COST.* It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.<sup>7</sup>

*BIRON.* Go, bid them prepare.

*COST.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit COSTARD.*]

*KING.* Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

*BIRON.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands." *Cabinet of Mirth*, 1674. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *one man,—e'en one poor man;*] The old copies read—*in one poor man.* For the emendation I am answerable. The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note in *All's well that ends well*, Act I. sc. iii:—"You are shallow, madam," &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *I know not the degree of the worthy; &c.*] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*KING.* I say, they shall not come.

*PRIN.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now ;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth ;<sup>8</sup>  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,  
Their form &c.]* The old copies read—of *that* which it presents. STEEVENS.

The third line may be read better thus :

————— *the contents*

*Die in the zeal of him which them presents.*

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
“ Nor duty in his service perishing.” JOHNSON.

This passage, as it stands, is unintelligible.—Johnson's amendment makes it grammatical, but does not make it sense. What does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who presents them? The word *content*, when signifying an affection of the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we should read thus :

*Where zeal strives to content, and the content*

*Lies in the zeal of those which it present—*

A similar sentiment, and on a similar occasion, occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, when Philostrate says of the play they were about to exhibit :

“ ————— It is nothing,

“ Unless you can find sport in their intents

“ Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,

“ To do you service.” M. MASON.

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—of *that* which it presents. The context, I think, clearly shows that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have

BIRON. A right description of our sport, my lord.

ventured to substitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author. So, (to give one instance out of many,) in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— a civil doctor,

“ *Which* did refuse three thousand ducats of me.”

and *y<sup>m</sup>* and *y<sup>i</sup>* were easily confounded: nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of them who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the same kind. So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage, where a similar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhymes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in *Cymbeline*, *lies*, as in the line before us, *presents*:

“ And Phœbus 'gins to rise.

“ His steeds to water at those springs

“ On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.”

Again, in the play before us:

“ That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,

“ To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Whose own hard *dealings* teaches them suspect.”

Dr. Johnson would read:

Die in the zeal of him which them presents.

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old MSS. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the Princess, *pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the sportive entertainment. To “present a play” is still the phrase of the theatre. It, however, may refer to contents, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — labouring *perish in their birth.*] *Labouring* here means, in the act of parturition. So, Roscommon:

“ The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born.”

MALONE.

*Enter ARMADO.*<sup>1</sup>

*ARM.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the King; and delivers him a paper.*]

*PRIN.* Doth this man serve God?

*BIRON.* Why ask you?

*PRIN.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*ARM.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!<sup>2</sup> [*Exit ARMADO.*]

*KING.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies<sup>3</sup> in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Armado.*] The old copies read—*Enter Braggart.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!*] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

“Making a *couplement* of proud compare—” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And if these four worthies &c.*] These two lines might have been designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:



BIRON. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

BIRON. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum;<sup>4</sup> and the whole world  
again,  
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his  
vein.<sup>5</sup>

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
amain.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

“If this first part, gentles, do like you well,  
“The second part shall greater murders tell.”

STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakspeare alludes to the shifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Abate a throw at novum:] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been some game at dice: “The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*,” &c. Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: “The principal use of langrets, is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come.” Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*: “What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance.”

STEEVENS.

*Abate throw*—is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623.

*A bare throw*, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the second folio. I have added only the article, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted. I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is used again by our author, in the same sense, in *All's well that ends well*:

“—those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

“Of the last monarchy.”

“A bare throw at novum” is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Cannot prick out &c.] Dr. Grey proposes to read—*pick out*.

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*<sup>6</sup>*Enter* COSTARD *arm'd, for* Pompey.COST. *I Pompey am,——*

BOYET. You lie, you are not he.

COST. *I Pompey am,——*BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.<sup>7</sup>

So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

*Pick* is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet, in the same sense:—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark*. Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

MALONE.

To *prick* out, means to choose out, or to mark as chosen. The word, in this sense, frequently occurs in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* where Falstaff receives his recruits from Justice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?"

"A woman's tailor, Sir—shall I *prick* him?"

"Shadow will serve for summer. *Prick* him."

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a shoue intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"First, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakspeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This sort of procession was the usual recreation of our an-

*BIRON.* Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

*COST.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

*DUM.* The great.

*COST.* It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the great;*

*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*

cestors at Christmas and other festive seasons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and composed by ignorant people, were seldom committed to writing, at least with the view of preservation, and are of course rarely discovered in the researches of even the most industrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the speeches in this scene, which were intended to burlesque them) ever appeared in print." This observation belongs to Mr. Ritson, who has printed a genuine specimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuscript of Edward the Fourth's time. (Tanner's MSS. 407.) REED.

<sup>7</sup> *With libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.

WARBURTON.

In the church of Westley Waterless, Cambridgeshire, the brass figure of Sir John de Creke, has *libbards* faces at the joints of his shoulders and elbows.

The *libbard* as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther*.

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"—posset cuppes carved with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset-ale most artificially."

Again, in the metrical Chronicle of *Robert de Brunne*:

"Upon his shoulders a shelde of stele,

"With the 4 *libbards* painted wele." STEEVENS.

See *Masquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of some old fashioned garments." TOLLET.

*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;*

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

*PRIN.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*COST.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great*.

*BIRON.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

*Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.*

*NATH.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*

*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:*

*My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.*

*BOYET.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.<sup>s</sup>

*BIRON.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*PRIN.* The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

*NATH.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—*

*BOYET.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

<sup>s</sup> — *it stands too right.*] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

BIRON. Pompey the great,—

COST. Your servant, and Costárd.

BIRON. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COST. O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,<sup>9</sup> will be given to A-jax: <sup>1</sup> he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander, [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a

<sup>9</sup> ——— lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of *The Nine Worthies*, to “Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-ax argent.” Leigh’s *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. TOLLET.

<sup>1</sup> ——— A-jax:] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and a *jakes*.

JOHNSON:

This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has these two lines:

“And I could wish, for their eternis’d sakes,

“My muse had plough’d with his that sung *A-jax*.”

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, “Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina’s chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*.”

Again, in *The Mastive*, &c. a collection of epigrams and satires, no date:

“To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,

“That wilt from *A-jax* with thy force defend it.”

See also Sir John Harrington’s *New Discourse of a stale Subject, called, the Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596; his *Anatomie of the Metamorphosed Ajax*, no date; and *Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596. All these performances are founded on the same conceit of *Ajax* and *A jakes*. To the first of them a license was refused, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MSS. notes and illustrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Esq. is now before me. STEEVENS.

See also Dodsley’s *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. IX. p. 133, edition 1780. REED.

foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alixander, alas, you see, how'tis;—a little o'erparted:<sup>2</sup>—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*PRIN.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.*

*HOL.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed  
canus;

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:*

*Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;*

*Ergo, I come with this apology.—*

*Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.*

*[Exit MOTH.]*

*HOL.* Judas I am,—

*DUM.* A Judas!

*HOL.* Not Iscariot, sir.—

*Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.*

*DUM.* Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

*BIRON.* A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd  
Judas?

*HOL.* Judas I am,—

*DUM.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*HOL.* What mean you, sir?

*BOYET.* To make Judas hang himself.

*HOL.* Begin, sir; you are my elder.

<sup>2</sup> — a little o'er-parted:] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MALONE.

BIRON. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIRON. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOYET. A cittern head.<sup>3</sup>

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIRON. A death's face in a ring.

LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

DUM. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.<sup>4</sup>

BIRON. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.<sup>5</sup>

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BIRON. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

<sup>3</sup> *A cittern head.*] So, in *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, 1638:

"—— A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken head at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—"

"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers shall wear thee on their *citterns*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *on a flask.*] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— like powder in a skillless soldier's *flask*,  
"Is set on fire."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Keep a light match in cock; wear *flask* and touch-box."  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.*] A *brooch* is an ornamental buckle, for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. See a figure and description of a fine one, in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, Vol. III. p. 14. HARRIS.

*HOL.* You have put me out of countenance.

*BIRON.* False; we have given thee faces.

*HOL.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*BIRON.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*BOYET.* Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.  
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*DUM.* For the latter end of his name.

*BIRON.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—  
Jud-as, away.

*HOL.* This is not generous, not gentle, not  
humble.

*BOYET.* A light for monsieur Judas: it grows  
dark, he may stumble.

*PRIN.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been  
baited!

*Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.*

*BIRON.* Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes  
Hector in arms.

*DUM.* Though my mocks come home by me, I  
will now be merry.

*KING.* Hector was but a Trojan<sup>s</sup> in respect of this.

*BOYET.* But is this Hector?

*DUM.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*LONG.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*DUM.* More calf, certain.

*BOYET.* No; he is best indued in the small.

*BIRON.* This cannot be Hector.

<sup>s</sup> *Hector was but a Trojan*—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was, in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of," &c. Again, in this scene: "unless you play the *honest Trojan*," &c. STEEVENS.



DUM. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

ARM. *The armipotent Mars, of lances<sup>6</sup> the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift,—*

DUM. A gilt nutmeg.

BIRON. A lemon.

LONG. Stuck with cloves.<sup>7</sup>

DUM. No, cloven.

ARM. Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;  
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea<sup>8</sup>  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
I am that flower,—*

<sup>6</sup> — of lances —] i. e. of lance-men. So, in *King Lear*:  
“And turn our imprest lances in our eyes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*: “he has an *orange* and *rosemary*, but not a *clove* to stick in it.” A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion.

The use, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be ascertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Things*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. 1: “Wyne wyll be pleasant in taste and savour, if an *orange* or a *Lymon* (stickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the vessell that it touche not the wyne. And so the wyne wyll be preserved from foystines and evyll savor.” STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonson, I should have thought it right. So we say, a *gift*-horse, &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *he would fight, yea,*] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgarity. STEEVENS.

I should read:

— *that certain he would fight ye*,  
which I think improves both the sense and the rhyme.—He would run *you* five miles in an hour—he would ride *you* from morning till night, is a mode of expression still in use. M. MASON.

DUM. That mint.

LONG. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONG. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

PRIN. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

ARM. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

BOYET. Loves her by the foot.

DUM. He may not by the yard.

ARM. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

ARM. What meanest thou?

COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

ARM. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COST. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey!

BOYET. Renowned Pompey!

*BIRON.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*DUM.* Hector trembles.

*BIRON.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates;<sup>9</sup> stir them on! stir them on!

*DUM.* Hector will challenge him.

*BIRON.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*ARM.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*COST.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;<sup>1</sup> I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms<sup>2</sup> again.

*DUM.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*COST.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*DUM.* Most resolute Pompey!

*MOTH.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*ARM.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*DUM.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*ARM.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

<sup>9</sup> — *more Ates*;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *King John*:

“An *Até*, stirring him to war and strife.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *like a northern man*;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> — *my arms* —] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

*BIRON.* What reason have you for't?

*ARM.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;  
I go woolward for penance.

*BOYET.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome  
for want of linen:<sup>3</sup> since when, I'll be sworn, he

<sup>3</sup> — *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.*] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it; which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt. *WARBURTON.*

*Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.*] This is a plain reference to the following story in *Stowe's Annals*, p. 98, (in the time of Edward the Confessor:)  
“Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil,) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he went woolward and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness.” *Dr. GREY.*

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c.

“And when his shirt's a washing, then he must

“Go woolward for the time; he scorns it, he,

“That worth two shirts his laundress should him see.”

Again, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hood*, bl. l. no date:

“Barefoot, woolward have I hight,

“Thether for to go.”

Again, in *Powell's History of Wales*, 1584: “The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and woolward to crave mercy,” &c. *STEEVENS.*

wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *swashbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untrust; except when his *shirt is a washing*, and then he goes *woolward*." FARMER.

*Woolward* —] "I have no shirt: I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakspeare, supposes that this passage is a *plain reference* to a story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which at the same time is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96, b. edit. 1550:

"*Wolward* and wetshod went I forth after

"As a rechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,

"And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon *wol*, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and *weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, "*in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus*." I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *clothed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakspeare's context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated. This is Ailred, abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man was admonished: "*Ecclesias numero octoginta nudis pedibus et absque linteis circumire*." *Dec. Scriptor*, 392, 50. The same story is told by William of Malmsbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl. Lib. II. p. 91*, edit. 1601. And in Caxton's *Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307, edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, ought to be Wolwin, surnamed de Spillicote, son of Wolmar de Lutegarshelle, now Ludgershall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the forest of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamshire. T. WARTON.

To this speech in the old copy, *Boy* is prefixed, by which designation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to

*Enter MERCADÉ.*

*MER.* God save you, madam !

*PRIN.* Welcome, Mercadé ;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*MER.* I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring,  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*PRIN.* Dead, for my life.

*MER.* Even so ; my tale is told.

*BIRON.* Worthies, away ; the scene begins to  
cloud.

*ARM.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath :  
I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole  
of discretion,<sup>4</sup> and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the  
modern editions. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,*] This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of right* ; i. e. I have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time. Warburton.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion*, (i. e. not been too forward to resent them,) *and shall insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

" *One may see day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's *Collection* : " *Day-light will peep through a little hole,*" in Kelly's.

Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, p. 9 :

" *At little hoales the daie is seen.*" STEEVENS.

The passage is faulty ; but Warburton has mistaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to say, in his affected style, that " he had discovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himself

KING. How fares your majesty?

PRIN. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

KING. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

PRIN. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal<sup>5</sup> opposition of our spirits:  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath,<sup>6</sup> your gentleness  
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!  
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:<sup>7</sup>

as a soldier;" and this meaning will be clearly expressed if we read it thus, with a very slight alteration:—"I have seen the *day* of wrong, through the little hole of discretion." M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *liberal* —] *Free to excess.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— there they show

" Something too *liberal*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *In the converse of breath,*] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. JOHNSON.

*Converse of breath* means no more than conversation "made up of breath," as our author expresses himself in *Othello*. Thus also, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" Therefore I scant this *breathing courtesy*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:*] Thus all the editions; but, surely, without either sense or truth. None are more *humble* in speech, than they who labour under any oppression. The Princess is desiring her grief may apologize for her not expressing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that sentiment. Besides, there is an antithesis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

The following passage in *King John*, inclines me to dispute the propriety of Mr. Theobald's emendation:

" ——— *grief* is proud, and makes his owner *stout*."

By *humble*, the Princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*.

STEEVENS.

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*KING.* The extreme parts of time extremely form  
All causes to the purpose of his speed;  
And often, at his very loose, decides<sup>8</sup>  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the morning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
The holy suit which fain it would convince;<sup>9</sup>  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key

"With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness," &c.

A heavy heart, says the Princess, does not admit of that verbal obeisance which is paid by the humble to those whom they address. Farewell therefore at once. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And often, at his very loose, decides &c.] At his very loose, may mean, at the moment of his parting, i. e. of his getting loose, or away from us.*

So, in some ancient poem, of which I forgot to preserve either the date or title:

"Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,

"The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,

"At her fierce loose that weakly never parts,

"But in despite doth force her to retire."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *which fain it would convince;*] We must read:

"— *which fain would it convince;*

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain over-power grief. So Lady Macbeth declares: "That she will convince the chamberlains with wine." JOHNSON.

If Johnson was right with respect to the meaning of this passage, I should think that the words, as they now stand, would express it without the transposition which he proposes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will signify the same as *fain would convince it*.—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphasis will supply the place of that transposition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only what it would wish to succeed in obtaining. To convince is to overcome; and to prevail in a suit which was strongly denied, is a kind of conquest. M. MASON.



Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it  
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,  
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN. I understand you not ; my griefs are  
 double.<sup>1</sup>

BIRON. Honest plain words<sup>2</sup> best pierce the ear  
 of grief ;—  
 And by these badges understand the king.

<sup>1</sup> *I understand you not ; my griefs are double.*] I suppose, she means, 1. on account of the death of her father ; 2. on account of not understanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] instead of *double*, reads *deaf* ; but the former is not at all likely to have been mistaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Honest plain words &c.*] As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the Princess for the King in the king's presence at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus :

Prin. *I understand you not, my griefs are double :*

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. *And by these badges &c.* JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, might have wrested this speech from an inferior performer. I have been assured, that Mercutio's rhapsody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himself performed that character in Ireland. STEEVENS.

I think Johnson judges ill in wishing to give this speech to the King, it is an apology not for him alone, but for all the competitors in oaths, and Biron is generally their spokesman.

M. MASON.

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the King and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect ; but think with Dr. Johnson that the line "*Honest*," &c. belongs to the Princess. MALONE.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
 Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,  
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
 Even to the opposed end of our intents :  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
 As love is full of unbefitting strains ;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;  
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye  
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,<sup>3</sup>  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
 To every varied object in his glance :  
 Which party-coated presence of loose love  
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
 Suggested us<sup>4</sup> to make : Therefore, ladies,

\* *Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,*] The old copies read—Full of *straying* shapes. Both the sense and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I suggested some time ago: “*strange shapes*” might have been easily confounded by the ear with the words that have been substituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the same kind, which could only have arisen in this way :

“ ————— Better to starve

“ Than crave the *higher* [hire] which first we do deserve.”

The following passages of our author will, I apprehend, fully support the correction that has been made :

“ In him a plentitude of subtle matter,

“ Applied to cautels, all *strange forms* receives.”

*Lover's Complaint.*

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — the impression of *strange* kinds

“ Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or skill.”

In *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French nobility, instead of *Forrage* in blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Suggested us —] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.”

STEEVENS.

Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin  
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*PRIN.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As bombast, and as lining to the time:<sup>5</sup>

\* *As bombast, and as lining to the time:]* This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The Princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, “—my sweet creature of *bombast*.”  
STEEVENS.

*We have receiv'd your letters full of love;  
Your favours the ambassadors of love;  
And in our maiden council rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As bombast, and as lining to the time:  
But more devout than these in our respects,  
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.*

The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

*But more devout than this (save our respects)  
Have we not been;—*

Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of Sir T. Hanmer:

*But more devout than this, in our respects.*

I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

*But more devout than these are your respects  
Have we not seen,—* TYRWHITT.

But more devout than this, in our respects,  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, show'd much more  
than jest.

LONG. So did our looks.

ROS. We did not quote them so.<sup>6</sup>

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in:<sup>7</sup>

The difficulty, I believe, arises only from Shakspeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed.—*But we have not been more devout, or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these our respects, or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said, we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy.* TOLLET.

The quarto, 1598, reads:

*But more devout than this our respects.*

There can be no doubt, therefore, that Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in*, which the compositor inadvertently omitted, completes both the sense and metre. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *We did not quote them so.*] The old copies read—*coat*.

STEEVENS.

We should read—*quote*, esteem, reckon; though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote—*cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

*Cote* is only the old spelling of *quote*. So, again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“Yea, the illiterate—

“Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks.” MALONE.

We did not *quote* 'em so, is, *we did not regard them as such*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment

“I had not *quoted* him.” See Act II. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To make a world-without-end bargain in:*] This singular

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
 Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—  
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
 Have brought about their annual reckoning:  
 If this austere insociable life  
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,<sup>8</sup>  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this trial, and last love;<sup>9</sup>  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,  
 Come challenge, challenge me<sup>1</sup> by these deserts,  
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  
 My woeful self up in a mourning house;  
 Raining the tears of lamentation,  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

phrase, which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet:

“Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — and *thin* weeds,] i. e. clothing. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — and *last* love;] I suspect that the compositor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakspeare wrote—*last still*. If the present reading be right, it must mean—“if it continue still to deserve the name of love.” MALONE.

*Last* is a verb. If it *last* love, means, if it *continue* to be love.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Come challenge, challenge me* —] The old copies read (probably by the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line,) *Come challenge me, challenge me, &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Neither intitled in the other's heart.<sup>2</sup>

*KING.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,<sup>3</sup>  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*BIRON.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*ROS.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Neither intitled in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—*Neither intiled*;—which may be right, neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the same kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“Shall love in *building* grow so ruinate?”

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“*Love* lack'd a *dwelling*, and made him her place.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“O thou, that dost *inhabit* in my breast,

“Leave not the *mansion* so long tenantless,

“Lest growing ruinous the *building* fall.” MALONE.

We may certainly speak, in general terms, of *building a mansion* for Love to dwell in, or, of that mansion when it is become a *Ruin*, without departure from elegance; but when we descend to such particulars as *tiling-in* Love, a suspicion will arise, that the technicals of the bricklayer have debased the imagery of the poet. I hope, therefore, that the second *t* in the word *intitled* was an undesigned omission in the quarto, 1598, and, consequently, that *intiled* was not the original reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,*] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

*To flatter on these hours of time with rest;*

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *are rank*;] The folio and quarto, 1598, read—*are rack'd*. STEEVENS.

— *your sins are rack'd*;] i. e. extended “to the top of their bent.” So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.<sup>5</sup>

DUM. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

KATH. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATH. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  
 Come when the king doth to my lady come,  
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

“Why, then we *rack* the value.”

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—are *rank*.

MALONE.

Rowe's emendation is every way justifiable. Things *rank* (not those which are *racked*) need *purging*. Besides, Shakspeare has used the same epithet on the same occasion in *Hamlet*:

“O! my *offence* is *rank*, it smells to heaven.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Biron. *And what to me, my love? and what to me?*

Ros. *You must be purged too, your sins are rank;*

*You are attaint with faults and perjury:*

*Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,*

*A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,*

*But seek the weary beds of people sick.]* These six verses both

Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakspeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakspeare, and their own abridgement of it. THEOBALD.

*DUM.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*KATH.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*LONG.* What says Maria?

*MAR.* At the twelvemonth's end,  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*LONG.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*MAR.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*BIRON.* Studies my lady? mistress look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there;  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*ROS.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,  
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit:  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;  
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,  
(Without the which I am not to be won,)  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour<sup>6</sup> of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*BIRON.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

<sup>6</sup> —fierce endeavour—] *Fierce is vehement, rapid.* So, in *King John*:

“—fierce extremes of sickness.” STEEVENS.



*ROS.* Why, that's the way to choke a glibbing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,<sup>7</sup>

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,

And I will have you, and that fault withal ;

But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

*BIRON.* A twelvemonth ? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.<sup>8</sup>

*PRIN.* Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave. [To the King.]

*KING.* No, madam : we will bring you on your way.

*BIRON.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;

Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

<sup>7</sup> — dear *groans*,] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate*, *consequential*. So, already in this scene :

“ — full of *dear* guiltiness.” STEEVENS.

\* The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance ; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

*KING.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

*BIRON.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*ARM.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*PRIN.* Was not that Hector?

*DUM.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*ARM.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*KING.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*ARM.* Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied,<sup>9</sup> and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds<sup>1</sup> of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

<sup>9</sup> *When daisies pied, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *cuckoo-buds*—] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called “in English *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheshire *ladie-smocks*.” Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed, that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowslips* are in French, of some called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This, he thinks, will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *cowslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's Dictionary, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

*Cuckoo-buds* must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson's works, many years ago proposed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it:

“*Albaque cardamine*,” &c. MALONE.

*Crocus buds* is a phrase unknown to naturalists and gardeners. STEEVENS.

## II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

### III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,<sup>2</sup>  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,<sup>3</sup>  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,*

<sup>2</sup> *When icicles hang by the wall,*] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of frost. So, in *King Henry IV.*

"Let us not *hang* like roping icicles,

"Upon our *houses' thatch*."

Our author (whose images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempest*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from such coverings, in their natural unfrozen state:

"His tears run down his beard, like *winter's drops*

"From eaves of reeds." MALONE.

' *And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,*] So, in *K. Henry VI.*  
Part III:

“What time *the shepherd, blowing of his nails,*

"Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

*To-who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who,<sup>4</sup> a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.<sup>5</sup>*

<sup>4</sup> ——nightly sings the staring owl,

*To-who; tu-whit, to-who,]. So, in Lyly's Mother Bombie:*

*"To-whit, to-who, the owle does cry."*

HOLT WHITE.

*Tu-whit, to-who,]* These terms were employed also to denote the musick of birds in general. Thus, in the song of Spring, in Summer's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

*"Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,*

*"Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we, to witta-woo."*

But, in Sidney's verses at the end of the *Arcadia*, they are confined to the owl:

*"Their angel-voice surpriz'd me now;*

*"But Mopsa her too-whit, to-hoo,*

*"Descending through her hoboy nose,*

*"Did that distemper soon compose:*

*"And, therefore, O thou precious owl," &c. TODD.*

<sup>5</sup> ——doth keel the pot.] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to scum the pot. GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, keel it, keel it, or all the fat's in the fire."

STEEVENS.

To keel the pot is certainly to cool it, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the boiling over. FARMER.

——keel the pot.] i. e. cool the pot: "The thing is, they mix their thickning of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *lithing*,] and put it in the pot, when they set it on, because when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot so well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the first rising, and every subsequent increase of the fire; to prevent which it becomes necessary for one to attend to cool it occasionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greasy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account seems to be accurate. RITSON.

To keel signifies to cool in general, without any reference to

## IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,<sup>6</sup>  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,*

the kitchen. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyn*, MS. p. 80:

"That alle men shall take hede  
"What deth traytours shall fele,  
"That assente to such falshede,  
"Howe the wynde theyr bodyes shal *kele*."

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 121, b.:

"The cote he found, and eke he feleth  
"The mace, and then his herte *keleth*  
"That there durst he not abide."

Again, fol. 131, b.:

"With water on his finger ende  
"Thyne hote tonge to *kele*."

Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical History of *The Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,  
"And lumps of beef to swum abeen;  
"And ilka time that I stir the pot,  
"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the parson's saw*,] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first Book of *The Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate:

"These old poetes in their *sawes* swete  
"Full covertly in their verses do fayne." STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim: "Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,<sup>7</sup>  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
                     To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *When roasted crabs &c.]* i. e. the wild apples so called. Thus, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

“In very likeness of a roasted crab.”

Again, in *Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

“Now a crab in the fire were worth a good groat:

“That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toss-pot.”

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“Sitting in a corner, turning crabs,

“Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale.”

*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,]* Hence, perhaps, the following passage in Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*:

“—grato cum sibilat igni

“Molle pyrum,—” STEEVENS.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *King Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

“Yet we will have in store a crab in the fire,

“With nut-brown ale, that is full stale,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden Queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

## ACT I. SCENE I. Page 16.

*This child of fancy, that Armado hight, &c.]* This, as I have shown in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Ayranches, who wrote a formal treatise of *The Origin of Romances*, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewise Romances; and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable Satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakspeare makes their characteristic in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

*A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:  
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,  
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.\**

\* *From tawny Spain, &c.]* This passage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in allusion to the Spanish Romances, of which several were extant in English, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for instance, as *Amadis de Gaule*, *Don Bellianis*, *Palmerin d'Oliva*, *Palmerin of England*, the *Mirror of Knighthood*, &c. But he is egregiously mistaken in asserting that "the heroes and the scene were generally of that country,"



The sense of which is to this effect: *This gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the romances, and in their very style.* Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is, because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, wrote *The History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers*; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of those peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakspeare makes Alençon, in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* say: "Froyssard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the Third did reign." In the Spanish romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan en encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*,\* or simply *Oliva*, those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper: "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis

which, in fact, (except in an instance or two, nothing at all to the present purpose,) is never the case. If the words *lost in the world's debate* will bear the editor's construction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the subject. I cannot, however, think that Shakspeare was particularly conversant in works of this description: but, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at least, of the present play, are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the *old platform*. RITSON.

\* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanish, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus: "Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. tradlatée du Latin par Phil. Kamus, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's *Typograph.* p. 94, 47. PERCY.

manos, an de estar en las de la amá, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna."\* And of Oliver he says: "essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas."† The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad-sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to swagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui se imprimiò en Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste;"‡ and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, *coma a Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests, by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French Roland: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous *History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers*. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the

\* B. I. c. 6.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir John Maundeville, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge man, that wist not of the dragoun, went out of the schipp, and went through the ile, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideous and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kysse me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed," &c. p. 29, 30, ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And they of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times, therefore, may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakspeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its

infancy as well as manhood,) should stop\* in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From him, therefore, the Spanish romances took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called *The History of Saint Greaal*. This saint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of the knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself: "Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; et si tu es moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus estre recordé si non par trois choses: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle este la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite.—Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant,

\* "For it is not to be supposed, that these Children of Fancy, as Shakspeare calls them, *insinuating thereby that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood*, should stop" &c.] I cannot conceive how Shakspeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, insinuates that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood. The showing that a woman had a child, would be a strange way of proving her in her infancy.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakspeare means only to describe him as fantastical. M. MASON.

& tenant son plein point de vint menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Après prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote, and the penance of his squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned Hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade; secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted justs and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "*Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit.*" *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn justs and tournaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight purpose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.\*

WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety, therefore, a dissertation on the *origin and nature of those romances* is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to show, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

\* See Part II. l. 5, c. 1.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that “Monsieur Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [*books of chivalry*] in that superficial work.”—The fact is true, that Monsieur Huet has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—“*putting the change upon his reader,*” and “*dropping his proper subject*” for another, “*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*” is unfounded.

It appears plainly from Huet's introductory address to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be *fictiones des aventures amoureuses*; and he excludes epic poems from the number, because—“*Enfin les poëmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*” After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W.'s own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two: 1. *That Romances of Chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country;* 2. *That the subject of these Romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.* The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following: 1. *That Romances of Chivalry were of Spanish original;* 2. *That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry: if Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books,

which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A Romance of Chivalry, therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious, and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W.'s *first* position, *that Romances of Chivalry were of Spanish original*, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont postérieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of Romances of Chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *second* position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of Du Fresnoy's *Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His *last* position, *that the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and Africa*, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus: *the subject of some, or a few, of these romances were the crusades, &c.* the position would have been incontrover-

tible ; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word : I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustrations of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms, for a reason which will appear.*) "*Indeed the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the Romances of Chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians, the one, who, under the name of Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, wrote The History and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers ;—the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans* ; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history ; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*The History of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the Romances of Chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices ; but instead of that we have a digression upon Oliver and Roland, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and Don Quixote, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the Dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of Oliver were recorded under the name of Palmerin de Oliva ; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that "*in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador.*" Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of *Cervantes*, in the first chapter of *Don Quixote* : "*Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços.*" Where it is observable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to speak of more than one romance ; he calls Roldan *el en-*



*cantado*, and not *el encantador* ; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. " This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*." According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain ; whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as *a very modern one* ; and the subject of it has not the least connection with *any driving of the Saracens whatsoever*.—But what follows is still more extraordinary. " When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests ; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter."—It is impossible, I apprehend, to refer *this subject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of *the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) before the *Crusades* ; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095 : and, according to the latter part, the *Crusades* happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia* ; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by Du Fresnoy. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *second race or class* of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*,

through more than nine-tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in Turpin's history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffry*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances. — "*Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile.*" — He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundevile, who wrote his *Travels* in 1356; by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to show, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of *monstrous embellishment*. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*Whether it was by blunder or design, that they changed the Saxons to Saracens,*" I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which King *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and, indeed, nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning *the strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances*, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware that Dr. W.'s information upon this sub-

ject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out.—“*In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Graal.—So another is called Kyrie eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men.—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king Arthur, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the Saint Graal was the first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights. And as to the other supposed to be called Kyrie eleison of Montauban, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from Huet. The reader will judge. Huët is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames.—“Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d'etre gardez sont les quatre livres d'Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d'Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie eleison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie eleison et Paralipomenon estoient les noms de quelques saints) où les subtilitez de la Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie, et les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées.”—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of Cervantes, which is quoted below,\*) that Huet was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie eleison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée*, the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.*

\* Don Quixote, Lib. I. c. vi. “Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui es é *Tirante el Blanco*! Dadmele acá, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en él un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos. *Aquí está Don Quirieleysón de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonseca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la *Donzella Plazer de mi vida*, con los amores y embustes de la viuda *Reposada*, y la Senora Emperatriz, enamorado de Hippolito su escudero.”

*Aquí está Don Quirieleysón*, &c. HERE, i. e. in the romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, is *Don Quirieleysón*, &c.

—And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and, I think, I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incrustated with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now *enshrined*.

“ — quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,

“ Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.” MALONE.

**MERCHANT OF VENICE\*.**



# REPORT OF SERVICE

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\* THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.] The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should, however, be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers."—"These plays," says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) "are goode and sweete plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treasury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the same year. It could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed: The old song of *Germutus the Jew of Venice*, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: and the ballad intituled, *The murtherous Lyfe and terrible Death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedy on the same subject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May, 1594. STEEVENS.

The story was taken from an old translation of *The Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her choice—The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he deserveth*. The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and worms; the superscription was thus: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth*. The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him*.—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuses the leaden vessel.

In a MS. of Lidgate, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. Askew, I find a *Tale of Two Merchants of Egypt* and of

*Baldad, ex Gestis Romanorum.* Leland, therefore, could not be the original author, as Bishop Tanner suspected. He lived a century after Lidgate. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, *Of the Bond*, is in ch. xlvi. of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge, *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—“*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abscessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, “Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit de auro purissimo & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum: & exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat de argento puro & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra; & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas de plumbo plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimis; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disposuit*. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis.” The young



lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *lead*en, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caskets*, Shakspeare might take from the English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.<sup>1</sup>

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*Duke of Venice.*

*Prince of Morocco,* } *Suitors to Portia.*  
*Prince of Arragon,* }

*Antonio, the Merchant of Venice :*

*Bassanio, his Friend.*

*Salanio,<sup>2</sup>* }

*Salarino,* } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*  
*Gratiano,* }

*Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.*

*Shylock, a Jew :*

*Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.*

*Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.*

*Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.*

*Salerio,<sup>3</sup> a Messenger from Venice.*

*Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.*

*Balthazar,* }

*Stephano,* } *Servants to Portia.*

*Portia, a rich Heiress.*

*Nerissa, her Waiting-maid.*

*Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,  
the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

<sup>1</sup> In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Solanio*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;  
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn ;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>4</sup> with portly sail,—

<sup>4</sup> — *argosies* —] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragusans* lent their last great ship to the King of Spain for the Armada, and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*.

Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,<sup>5</sup>  
 Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
 That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*SALAN.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
 The better part of my affections would  
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
 Plucking the grass,<sup>6</sup> to know where sits the wind;  
 Peering<sup>7</sup> in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;  
 And every object, that might make me fear  
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
 Would make me sad.

*SALAR.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;  
 And see my wealthy Andrew<sup>8</sup> dock'd in sand,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *burghers of the flood,*] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read—"burghers on the flood," though a parallel passage in *As you like it*—

"——— native burghers of this desolate city," might have led to the present correction. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Plucking the grass, &c.*] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

"This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a *lyttle light grasse*, and so learned how the wind stood." *Ascham.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Peering* —] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads—*prying.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Andrew* —] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *dock'd in sand,*] The old copies have—*docks.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,<sup>1</sup>  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
 But, tell not me; I know, Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

<sup>1</sup> Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,] In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616, to *vail*, is thus explained: "It means to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission." So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called *Playes confuted in several Actions*:

"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

It signifies also—to lower, to let down. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyn*, p. 60:

"Thay *avaled* the brigge and lete them yn."

Again, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) in *Hardynge's Chronicle*:

"And by th' even their sayles *avaled* were set."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1613, by Heywood:

"—— it did me good

"To see the Spanish carveil *vail* her top

"Unto my mayden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

SALAN. Why then you are in love.

ANT. Fye, fye!

SALAN. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you  
are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed  
Janus,<sup>2</sup>

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,<sup>3</sup>  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,<sup>4</sup>  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

SALAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble  
kinsman,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;  
We leave you now with better company.

<sup>2</sup> — *Now, by two-headed Janus,*] Here Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus* is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge of the antique: and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> — *peep through their eyes,*] This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — *their teeth in way of smile,*] Because such are apt enough to show their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

*SALAR.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*ANT.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*SALAR.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*BASS.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?  
Say, when?  
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

*SALAR.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*]

*LOR.* My lord Bassanio,<sup>5</sup> since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*BASS.* I will not fail you.

*GRA.* You look not well, signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it,<sup>6</sup> that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

<sup>5</sup> *My lord Bassanio, &c.*] This speech [which by Mr. Rowe and subsequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*,] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies: and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their exit at the close of the preceding speech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with *Gratiano*, had only accompanied *Bassanio*, till he should find Antonio,) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a conversation with Antonio. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this judicious correction, by restoring the speech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — lose it,] All the ancient copies read—*loose*; a misprint, I suppose, for the word standing in the text. STEEVENS.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,<sup>7</sup>  
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool:<sup>8</sup>  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream<sup>9</sup> and mantle, like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness<sup>1</sup> entertain,

<sup>7</sup> *A stage, where every man must play a part,*] The same thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593:

“A worldling here, I must hie to my grave;

“For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,

“A borrowde roumé where we our pageants play,

“A scaffold plaine,” &c.

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

“She found the world but a wearisome *stage* to her, where she *played a part* against her will.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *There are a sort of men, whose visages*

*Do cream* —] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line;

“With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

So, also, the author of *Bussy d'Ambois*:

“Not any *wrinkle creaming* in their faces.” HENLEY.

<sup>1</sup> — *a wilful stillness* —] i. e. an obstinate silence.

MALONE.



With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*,  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !*<sup>2</sup>  
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,<sup>3</sup>  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,  
 fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
 Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well, a while ;  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.<sup>5</sup>

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-  
 time :

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *let no dog bark !*] This seems to be a proverbial expression. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy 1540 : “ — nor there shall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— who, *I am very sure*,] The old copies read—*when*, I am very sure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *would almost damn those ears*,] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this : That some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *I'll end my exhortation after dinner*.] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times ; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>6</sup>

GRA. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.  
[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

ANT. Is that any thing now?<sup>7</sup>

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

<sup>6</sup> — *for this gear.*] In Act II. sc. ii. the same phrase occurs again: "If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this geer*." This is a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determined import. STEEVENS.

So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I say no more." Again, in Nashe's Epistle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two staves and a pike, *for this geare*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I suppose we should read—*is that any thing new?* JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading is—Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio asks: Is that *any thing* now? and Bassanio answers, that Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,—the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifest error of the press, read—*It is that, &c.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*ANT.* Well ; tell me now, what lady is this same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*BASS.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>s</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance :  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gaged : To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*ANT.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*BASS.* In my school-days, when I had lost one  
shaft,  
I shot his fellow<sup>9</sup> of the self-same flight

<sup>s</sup> — a more swelling port &c.] *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance. Thus, in the first *Iliad*, as translated by Chapman, 1611 :

“ — all the gods receiv'd,

“ (All rising from their thrones) their sire ; attending to his court

“ None sate when he rose ; none delaid, the furnishing his *port*,

“ Till he came neare ; all met with him and brought him to his throne.” STEEVENS.

The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
 To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,  
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
 Because what follows is pure innocence.  
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,<sup>1</sup>  
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
 To shoot another arrow that self way  
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well; and herein spend but  
 time,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *when I had lost one shaft,*

*I shot his fellow &c.]* This thought occurs also in Decker's *Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 4to. bl. l: "And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prison weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him: he *shot a second arrow to find the first.*" I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no less than eight editions; the last in 1638. I quote from that of 1616.

STEEVENS.

This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius in his *Treatise de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii, and is also mentioned in Howel's *Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183, edit. 1655, 12mo. DOUCE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *like a wilful youth,]* This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read — *witless*, i. e. heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy; who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former faults, or his present designs. JOHNSON.

To wind about my love with circumstance ;  
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
 In making question of my uttermost,  
 Than if you had made waste of all I have :  
 Then do but say to me what I should do,  
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
 And I am prest unto it :<sup>2</sup> therefore, speak.

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
 Of wond'rous virtues ; sometimes from her eyes<sup>3</sup>  
 I did receive fair speechless messages :  
 Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued  
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;  
 For the four winds blow in from every coast  
 Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks

\* ——— prest unto it :] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 :

“ What must be, must be ; Cæsar's *prest* for all.”

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618 :

“ ——— your good word

“ Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good.”

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593 :

“ Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,

“ Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call.”

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— sometimes from her eyes—] So all the editions ; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time* : and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than “ *sometimes* fellow of such a college.”

FARMER.

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*ANT.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at  
sea ;

Nor have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is ; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*POR.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

*NER.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are : And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore,

to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,<sup>4</sup> but competency lives longer.

*POR.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*NER.* They would be better, if well followed.

*POR.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*NER.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whercof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*POR.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou

<sup>4</sup> — *superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he *come by* it? MALONE

namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*NER.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.<sup>5</sup>

*POR.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;<sup>6</sup> and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*NER.* Then, is there the county Palatine.<sup>7</sup>

\* — *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakspeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horsemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting." MALONE.

° *Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;*] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. iii. See also Vol. VII. p. 54. JOHNSON.

7 — *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

*County* and *count* in old language were synonymous.—The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. MALONE.



*POR.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*NER.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*POR.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle<sup>s</sup> sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*NER.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*POR.* You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;<sup>9</sup> and you will come

<sup>s</sup> — *if a throstle* —] Old copies—*trassel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“The *throstle* with his note so true—.” MALONE.

That the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. IV. p. 400. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian* ;] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture;<sup>1</sup> But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*NER.* What think you of the Scottish lord,<sup>2</sup> his neighbour?

*POR.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety,<sup>3</sup> and sealed under for another.

*NER.* How like you the young German,<sup>4</sup> the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*POR.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

<sup>1</sup> — a proper man's picture;] *Proper* is handsome. So, in *Othello*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Scottish lord,] *Scottish*, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to King James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *I think, the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakspeare's time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made Knight of the Garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

*NER.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*POR.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*NER.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*POR.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*NER.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*POR.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

*NER.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*POR.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

**SERV.** The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

**POR.** If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition<sup>s</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

**SHY.** Three thousand ducats,—well.

**BASS.** Ay, sir, for three months.

**SHY.** For three months,—well.

**BASS.** For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

**SHY.** Antonio shall become bound,—well.

**BASS.** May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

**SHY.** Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

<sup>s</sup> — the condition —] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: “—and then, of so gentle a condition!” MALONE.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no ;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient : yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad : But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves ; I mean, pirates ; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ;—three thousand ducats ;—I think, I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured, I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me : May I speak with Antonio ?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into : <sup>6</sup> I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

<sup>6</sup> ——— the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into :] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

BASS. This is signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a christian :  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>7</sup>  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him !

BASS. Shylock, do you hear ?

SHY. I am debating of my present store ;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me : But soft ; How many months  
Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;  
[*To* ANTONIO.  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *If I can catch him once upon the hip,*] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers ; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See *Gen.* xxxii. 24, &c.

HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — *the ripe wants of my friend,*] *Ripe wants* are wants

I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd,<sup>9</sup>  
How much you would ?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond ; and, let me see, —But  
hear you ;  
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

ANT. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

SHY. No, not take interest ; not, as you would  
say,

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings<sup>1</sup> which were streak'd and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank,  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams :

*come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*ripe wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

*Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So, afterwards :

“ But stay the very *ripening* of the time.” MALONE.

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Here is a brief how many sports are *ripe*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *possess'd*,] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “ Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the eanlings* —] Lambs just dropt : from *ean*, *eniti*.

MUSGRAVE.

And when the work of generation was  
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
 The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind,<sup>3</sup>  
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;<sup>4</sup>

\* ——— *certain wands*,] A *wand* in our author's time was the usual term for what we now call a *switch*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *of kind*,] i. e. of nature. So, Turberville, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127 :

" So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

" ——— nothing doth so please her mind,

" As to see mares and horses *do their kind*." COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the fulsome ewes* ;] *Fulsome*, I believe, in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in *Acolastus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600 :

" Why shines not Phœbus in the *fulsome* night ?"

In the play of *Muleasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome* a Bawd is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th Book of the *Odyssey* :

" ——— and fill'd his *fulsome* scrip," &c.

Again, in the dedication to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 63 : " — noisome or *fulsome* for bad smells, as butcher's slaughter houses," &c.

It is likewise used by Shakspeare in *King John*, to express some quality offensive to nature :

" And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587 :

" Having a strong sent and *fulsome* smell, which neither men nor beastes take delight to smell unto."

Again, *ibid* :

" Boxe is naturally dry, juicelesse, *fulsomely* and loathsomely smelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B. XV :

" But what have you poore sheepe misdone, a cattel meek  
 and meeld,

" Created for to manteine man, whose *fulsome* dugs doe  
 yeeld

" Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.



Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
 Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.<sup>5</sup>  
 This was a way to thrive,<sup>6</sup> and he was blest;  
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd  
 for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good?  
 Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:<sup>7</sup>—  
 But note me, signior.

ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio;  
 The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.<sup>8</sup>  
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Minsheu supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as  
 to excite vomiting. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and those were Jacob's.] See *Genesis*, xxx. 37, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This was a way to thrive, &c.*] So, in the ancient song of  
*Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

“ His wife must lend a shilling,

“ For every weeke a penny,

“ Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,

“ If that you will have any.

“ And see, likewise, you keepe your day,

“ Or else you lose it all:

“ This was the living of the wife,

“ Her *cow* she did it call.”

Her *cow*, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's  
 argument for usury. PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> — *I make it breed as fast* :] So, in our author's *Venus and*  
*Adonis*:

“ Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets;

“ But gold that's put to use more gold *begets*.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The devil can cite scripture &c.*] See *St. Matthew*, iv. 6.

HENLEY.

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;  
 O, what a goodly outside falshood hath !<sup>9</sup>

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my monies, and my usances :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> O, what a goodly outside falshood hath !] *Falshood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — my usances :] *Use* and *usance* are both words anciently employ'd for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. So, in *The English Traveller*, 1633 :

“ Give me my *use*, give me my principal.”

Again :

“ A toy ; the main about five hundred pounds,

“ And the *use* fifty.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson asks, whether Mr. Steevens is not mistaken in saying that *use* and *usance*, were accidentally employed for *usury*. “ *Use* and *usance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *interest* ; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense.” That Mr. Steevens, however, is right respecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation : “ I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounce lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnyng still upon usurie and double usurie, the merchants termyng it *usance* and *double usance*, by a more clenly name he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounce at first, so that his land was clean gone, beyng five hundred poundes inherytance, for one thousand pound in money, and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres ; and the man now beggeth.” *Wylson on Usurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

*Usance*, in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;<sup>2</sup>  
 For sufference is the badge of all our tribe:  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit<sup>3</sup> upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:  
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock*,<sup>4</sup> *we would have monies*; You say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit.  
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money? is it possible,*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats?* or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this,—

“He lends out money gratis, and brings down

“The rate of *usance* with us here in Venice.”

Again, in a subsequent part, he says, he will take “no *doit* of *usance* for his monies.” Here it must mean *interest*.

MALONE.

\* *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

“I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,

“Heave up my shoulders when they call me *dogge*.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And spit* —] The old copies always read *spet*, which spelling is followed by Milton:

“———— the womb

“Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled: *Caleb Shillocke, his Prophesie; or the Jewes Prediction*. London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*ANT.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)<sup>5</sup>  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*SHY.* Why, look you, how you storm!  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:  
This is kind I offer.

*ANT.* This were kindness.

*SHY.* This kindness will I show:—

<sup>5</sup> *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A breed, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, usurie makes them *procreative*." *FARMER.*

The honour of starting this conceit belongs to Aristotle. See *De Repub. Lib. I.* *HOLT WHITE.*

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed of. *MALONE.*

Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*ANT.* Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*BASS.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.\*

*ANT.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*SHY.* O father Abraham, what these Christians  
are ;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :  
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*ANT.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

\* — dwell in my necessity.] To dwell seems in this place to mean the same as to continue. To abide has both the senses of habitation and continuance. JOHNSON.

*SHY.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
 Give him direction for this merry bond,  
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>7</sup>  
 Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
 I will be with you. [*Exit.*

*ANT.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
 This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*BASS.* I like not fair terms,<sup>8</sup> and a villain's mind.

*ANT.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay,  
 My ships come home a month before the day.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>7</sup> — *left in the fearful guard &c.*] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* *terrors*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language.

JOHNSON.

## ACT II.    SCENE I.

Belmont.    *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,<sup>9</sup> and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.<sup>1</sup>  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant;<sup>2</sup> by my love, I swear,  
The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

<sup>9</sup> — *the Prince of Morocco,*] The old stage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-sop*. JOHNSON.

It is customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses. See *Habits du Levant*, pl. 43, and Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*, Vol. VII. p. 111. HARRIS.

<sup>2</sup> *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

*POR.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :  
 But, if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedg'd me by his wit,<sup>3</sup> to yield myself  
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
 For my affection.

*MOR.* Even for that I thank you ;  
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
 That slew the Sophy,<sup>4</sup> and a Persian prince,  
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—  
 I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,  
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
 To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !  
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
 Which is the better man, the greater throw

<sup>3</sup> *And hedg'd me by his wit,]* I suppose we may safely read—  
*and hedg'd me by his will.* Confined me by his will.

JOHNSON.

As the ancient signification of *wit*, was sagacity, or power of mind, I have not displaced the original reading. See our author, *passim*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That slew the Sophy, &c.]* Shakspeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The Prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakspeare had never *entangled* himself with *geography* worse than in the present case. If the Prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of Sultan *Solyman* (the second, for instance,) I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophy of Persia. See D'Herbelot in *Solyman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT,



May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
 And die with grieving.

*POR.* You must take your chance ;  
 And either not attempt to choose at all,  
 Or swear, before you choose, — if you choose wrong,  
 Never to speak to lady afterward  
 In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.<sup>6</sup>

*MOR.* Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my  
 chance.

*POR.* First, forward to the temple ; after dinner  
 Your hazard shall be made.

<sup>5</sup> *So is Alcides beaten by his page ;]* The ancient copies read  
 —his rage. STEEVENS.

Though the whole set of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenomed shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains ; this one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation I have substituted, *page* instead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *therefore be advis'd.]* Therefore be not precipitant ; consider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III* :

“ — who in my wrath

“ Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd* ?”

STEEVENS.



rageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away*; says the fiend, *for the heavens*; <sup>1</sup> *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*; *budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend,

from home. The Irishman in *Sir John Oldcastle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman, in his version of the tenth *Odyssey*, has the following passage:

“ — There let him lie

“ Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply

“ A *with*, a fathom long, with which his feete

“ I made together in a sure league meete.”

I think myself bound, however, to add, that in *Much Ado about Nothing*, the very phrase, that in the present instance is disputed, occurs:

“ O illegitimate construction! I *scorn* that *with my heels*,” i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuously at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such also may be Launcelot's meaning. STEEVENS.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—“ Use your legs; take the start; run away.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *away! says the fiend, for the heavens;*] As it is not likely that Shakspeare should make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do any thing for *Heaven's* sake, I have no doubt but this passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read:

“ *Away! says the fiend, for the haven,*”

By which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

— *away! says the fiend, for the heavens;*] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “ So I deliver up my apes, [to the *devil*,] and *away* to St. Peter, for the heavens.” MALONE.

say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old GOBBO,<sup>2</sup> with a Basket.*

GOB. Master young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions<sup>3</sup> with him.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

<sup>2</sup> *Enter old Gobbo,*] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — try conclusions—] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ — since favour

“ Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try conclusions*.”

Again, in the *Lancashire Witches*, 1634:

“ Nay then I'll *try conclusions*:

“ Mare, Mare, see thou be,

“ And where I point thee, carry me.” STEEVENS.

So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions*.

MALONE.

**LAUN.** Turn up on your right hand,<sup>4</sup> at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

**GOB.** By God's *sonties*,<sup>5</sup> 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

**LAUN.** Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

**GOB.** No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

**LAUN.** Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

**GOB.** Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

“——ubi eas præterieris,

“Ad *sinistram* hac *rectâ* plateâ: ubi ad *Dianæ* veneris,

“Ito ad *dextram*: prius quam ad portam venias,” &c.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> —— *God's sonties*,] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

“*God's santie*, this is a goodly book indeed.”

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *saints*; or, as Mr. Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity*. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.*] Dr. Farmer is

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*; old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing:<sup>7</sup> truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot*; and observes, that phraseology like this occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“——your servant, and *Costard*.” STEEVENS.

——and *Launcelot, sir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——*Give me your blessing.*] In this conversation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.<sup>8</sup>

GOB. I cannot think, you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.<sup>9</sup>

\* ——— *your child that shall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So, afterwards:—"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick supposes: "he means to say, *I was your child, I am your boy, and shall ever be your son.*" But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides, if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, shall be his *son*? MALONE.

Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus, says the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV: I will redeem my character:

"And, in the closing of some glorious day,

"Be bold to tell you, that *I am your son.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *my thill-horse* —] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"————— I will

"Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be

"I' the *fills*."

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Thomas Hey-

**LAUN.** It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

**GOB.** Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

**LAUN.** Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.*

**BASS.** You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries

wood and W. Rowley: “—acquaint you with Jock the fore-horse, and Fib the *fil-horse*,” &c. STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil-horse*, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in some counties for the proper term, *thill-horse*. MALONE.

See Christie's *Catalogue* of the effects of F—— P——, Esq. 1794, p. 6, lot 50: “Chain-harness for two horses, and *phill* harness for two horses.” STEEVENS.

*Phil* or *fill* is the term in all the midland counties,—*thill*, would not be understood. HARRIS.



to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.      [*Exit a Servant.*]

*LAUN.* To him, father.

*GOB.* God bless your worship!

*BASS.* Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

*GOB.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

*LAUN.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

*GOB.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

*LAUN.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

*GOB.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

*LAUN.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

*GOB.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

*LAUN.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*BASS.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*LAUN.* Serve you, sir.

*GOB.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*BASS.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire  
My lodging out:—Give him a livery

[To his Followers.

More guarded<sup>1</sup> than his fellows': See it done.

LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.<sup>2</sup>—I

<sup>1</sup> — more guarded —] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Piston. But is there no reward for my false dice?"

"Erastus. Yes, sir, a guarded suit from top to toe."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"—turn my ploughboy Dick to two guarded footmen."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.] Table is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shown, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. Well, says he, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book.—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot:—"I'll be sworn on

shall have good fortune;<sup>3</sup> Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,

a book she loves you:" a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it."

MALONE.

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, which doth (not only promise; but) offer to swear (and to swear upon a book too) that *I shall have good fortune*.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken; or, I'll be hanged, &c.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *I shall have good fortune;*] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators,) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compositor or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have *no* good fortune. These words are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. Shakspeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well; if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much mistaken:] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—I shall have *no* good fortune; go to: here's a *simple* line of life! &c. So, before: "I cannot get a service, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well, you have made a *simple* choice; you know not how to choose a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy," &c. So also, in *King Henry IV*: "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V*: "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "We are *simple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling."

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted.

fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; <sup>4</sup>—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go,

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

GRA. Where is your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks.  
[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

GRA. Signior Bassanio,—

BASS. Gratiano!

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and judicious critick, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;*] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure; “O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la point d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompu le Cou—.” WARBURTON,

*GRA.* I have a suit to you.

*BASS.* You have obtain'd it.

*GRA.* You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

*BASS.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee,  
Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they  
show

Something too liberal ;<sup>5</sup>—pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit ;<sup>6</sup> lest, through thy wild beha-  
viour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*GRA.* Signior Bassanio, hear me :  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes<sup>7</sup>  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen ;  
Use all the observance of civility,

<sup>d</sup> *Something too liberal;*] Liberal I have already shown to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — allay with some cold drops of modesty

*Thy skipping spirit ;]* So, in *Hamlet*:

"Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

"Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — hood *mine eyes*—] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604:

"And like a *hooded hawk*," &c. STEEVENS.

Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>8</sup>  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*BASS.* Well, we shall see your bearing.<sup>9</sup>

*GRA.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not  
gage me  
By what we do to-night.

*BASS.* No, that were pity;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*GRA.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *sad ostent*—] Grave appearance; show of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

*Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramattick writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ — you in those times

“ Did not affect *ostent*.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer, edit. 1598, B. VI:

“ — did bloodie vapours raine

“ For *sad ostent*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *your bearing*.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,

“ With such a smooth, discreet, and stable *bearing*.”

STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

JES. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so ;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :  
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :  
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,  
And so farewell ; I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—  
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Chris-  
tian do not play the knave, and get thee,<sup>1</sup> I am much

<sup>1</sup> ——— *and get thee,*] I suspect that the waggish Launcelot designed this for a broken sentence—“ and get thee”—implying, *get thee with child*. Mr. Malone, however, supposes him to mean only—*carry thee away from thy father's house*.

STEEVENS.

I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word *get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and substituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions ; in which he has been copied by every subsequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica : “ Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not* ;” but he is now on another subject. MALONE.

From the general censure expressed in the preceding note I take leave to exempt Mr. Reed ; who, by following the first folio, was no sharer in the inexpiable guilt of the second. STEEVENS.

deceived : But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit ; adieu! [*Exit.*

*JES.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be asham'd to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*LOR.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*GRA.* We have not made good preparation.

*SALAR.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.<sup>2</sup>

Notwithstanding Mr. Malone charges the editor of the second folio so strongly with ignorance, I have no doubt but that—*did* is the true reading; as it is clearly better sense than that which he has adopted. Launcelot does not mean to foretell the fate of Jessica, but judges, from her lovely disposition, that she must have been begotten by a christian, not by such a brute as Shylock: a christian might marry her without playing the knave, though he could not beget her. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — [*torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. We have not *spoke us yet*, &c. i. e. we have not yet *bespoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean,



SALAN. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four a-clock ; we have two hours

To furnish us :—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this,<sup>3</sup> it shall seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith.

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

LOR. Whither goest thou?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

LOR. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her ;—speak it privately ; go.—

Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALAN. And so will I.

we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke as yet." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. i:

" — Boyet, you can carve ;

" *Break up this capon.*"

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

*LOR.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*SALAR.* 'Tis good we do so.  
[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*

*GRA.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*LOR.* I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,  
How I shall take her from her father's house;  
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The same. Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*SHY.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy  
judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—  
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—  
Why, Jessica, I say!

*LAUN.* Why, Jessica!

*SHY.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

JES. Call you? What is your will?

SHY. I am bid forth<sup>4</sup> to supper, Jessica;  
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.<sup>5</sup>—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house:—I am right-loath to go;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,<sup>6</sup> at six o'clock i' the morning,

<sup>4</sup> *I am bid forth* —] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

That *bid* was used for invitation, may be seen in *St. Luke's Gospel*, ch. xiv. 24: “—none of those which were *bidden* shall taste of my supper.” HARRIS.

<sup>5</sup> — *to feed upon*

*The prodigal Christian.*] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,*] “*Black-Monday* is *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Ed-

falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,<sup>7</sup>  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,

ward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6.

GRÆY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*: "As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, 1640, Act I. sc. ii:

"How superstitiously we mind our evils?  
"The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,  
"Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,  
"Or singing of a creket, are of power  
"To daunt whole man in us."

Again, Act I. sc. iii:

"My nose bleeds. One that was superstitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance." REED.

<sup>7</sup> Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,]

"Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias

"Sub cantu querulæ despice tibix." Hor. Lib. III. Od. vii.

MALONE.

It appears from hence, that the fises, in Shakspeare's time, were formed differently from those now in use, which are straight, not wry-necked. M. MASON.

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;  
Say, I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, sir.—  
Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.<sup>8</sup> [*Exit* LAUN.

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,  
ha ?

JES. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing  
else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough ;<sup>9</sup> but a huge  
feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me ;  
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;  
Do, as I bid you,

<sup>8</sup> *There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.] It's worth a Jew's eye, is a  
proverbial phrase. WHALLEY.*

<sup>9</sup> *The patch is kind enough ;]* This term should seem to have  
come into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn  
from Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553 : " A word-making,  
called of the Grecians Onomatopœia, is when we make words of  
our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things ;—  
as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing  
foolishly ; because these two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was in  
allusion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the  
stage fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat.  
*Patche*, of whom Wilson speaks, was Cardinal Wolsey's fool.

Shut doors<sup>1</sup> after you : Fast bind, fast find ;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

*JES.* Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*GRA.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.<sup>2</sup>

*SALAR.* His hour is almost past.

*GRA.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*SALAR.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly<sup>3</sup>  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

*GRA.* That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

<sup>1</sup> *Shut doors* —] *Doors* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Desir'd us to make stand.*] *Desir'd us stand*, in ancient elliptical language, signifies—desired us *to stand*. The words—*to make*, are an evident interpolation, and consequently spoil the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly* —] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

Thus, Chapman, in his version of Homer's Catalogue of Ships, *Iliad* the second :

“ ——— Thisbe, that for pigeons doth surpass — ;”

Mr. Pope, in more elegant language :

“ ——— Thisbe, fam'd for silver doves —,” STEEVENS.

Where is the horse that doth untread again  
 His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
 That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
 How like a younker,<sup>4</sup> or a prodigal,  
 The scarfed bark<sup>5</sup> puts from her native bay,  
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!<sup>6</sup>  
 How like the prodigal doth she return;<sup>7</sup>  
 With over-weather'd ribs,<sup>8</sup> and ragged sails,  
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

<sup>4</sup> — a younker,] All the old copies read—a *younger*.

But Rowe's emendation may be justified by Falstaff's question in *The First Part of King Henry IV*: — "I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a *younker* of me?" STEEVENS.

*How like a younker, or a prodigal,*

*The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, &c.*] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal,) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following:

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 "While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 "In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
 "Youth on the Prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 "Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 "That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repose*, however, was suggested by Thomson's—

"— deep fermenting tempest brew'd

"In the *grim* evening sky." HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — scarfed bark —] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Yet the *scarfs* and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great burden." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — embraced by the strumpet wind!] So, in *Othello*:

"The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — doth she return;] Surely the bark ought to be of the masculine gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscures the passage. A ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *With over-weather'd ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has *over-wither'd*. MALONE.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*SALAR.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

*LOR.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;<sup>9</sup>  
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.*

*JES.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*LOR.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*JES.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
For who love I so much? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*LOR.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

*JES.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*LOR.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll watch as long for you then—Approach;]* Read, with a slight variation from Sir. T. Haumer:

“I'll watch as long for you. Come then, approach.”

RITS ON.



*JES.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*LOR.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*JES.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.  
[*Exit, from above.*]

*GRA.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.<sup>1</sup>

*LOR.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

<sup>1</sup> Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and one well born. JOHNSON.

So, at the conclusion of the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

“ — So, good night kind *gentles*,

"For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled: *The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman.*" FARMER.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently swore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.  
[*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

ANT. Who's there?

GRA. Signior Antonio?

ANT. Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—  
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince:—  
Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription  
bears;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;<sup>2</sup>—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
 How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture,  
 prince;  
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,  
 I will survey the inscriptions back again:  
 What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
 Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
 This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all;  
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;  
 I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,  
 And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough  
 May not extend so far as to the lady;  
 And yet to be afeard of my deserving,  
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:  
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

<sup>2</sup> — as blunt ;] That is, as gross as the dull metal.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her :  
 From the four corners of the earth they come,  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
 For princes to come view fair Portia :  
 The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damna-  
 tion,

To think so base a thought; it were too gross  
 To rib<sup>3</sup> her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng-  
 land

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;<sup>4</sup>  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

<sup>3</sup> To rib—] i. e. inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — ribb'd and paled in

“ With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — insculp'd upon;] To *insculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

“ ——— in golden text

“ Shall be *insculp'd*—” STEEVENS.

The meaning is, that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTET.

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,  
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

MOR. O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.\**

\* *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

*Gilded timber do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

*Gilded wood may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote:

*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repository of a *death's-head*. JOHNSON.

The thought might have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood."

STEEVENS.

*Tombes* (for such was the old spelling) and *timber* were easily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The construction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harsh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their Flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

"Before thou wast, were *timber-worms* in price."

MALONE.

More than the ear, I think, would be offended on this occasion; for how is it possible for worms that live bred within timber, to *infold* it? STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's emendation is supported by Shakspeare's 101st Sonnet:

"—— it lies in thee

"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*."

MALONE.

*Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscol'd:<sup>6</sup>  
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—  
 Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

*POR.* A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,  
 go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.<sup>7</sup> [*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> Your *answer had not been inscol'd*:] Since there is an answer *inscol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read—*this*. When the words were written *y<sup>r</sup>* and *y<sup>s</sup>*, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *choose me so*.] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no distribution of Acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second Act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

## SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.**Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*SALAR.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;  
With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*SALAN.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*SALAR.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*SALAN.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*  
*Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—*  
*Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!*  
*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*  
*Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!*  
*And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,*  
*Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!*  
*She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

*SALAR.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*SALAN.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

**SALAR.** Marry, well remember'd:  
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;<sup>8</sup>  
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
 The French and English, there miscarried  
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught:  
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;  
 And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

**SALAN.** You were best to tell Antonio what you  
 hear;  
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

**SALAR.** A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
 Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,  
 Slubber not<sup>9</sup> business for my sake, Bassanio,  
 But stay the very riping of the time;  
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;]* i. e. I conversed.  
 So, in *King John*:

“Our griefs, and not our manners *reason* now.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the fourth Book of the  
*Odyssey*:

“The morning shall yield time to you and me,

“To do what fits, and *reason* mutually.” STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is used in the same sense. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Slubber not* —] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, im-  
 perfectly. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

“—they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

“I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing *slubber'd*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *your mind of love:*] So, all the copies, but I suspect  
 some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma  
 after *mind*. LANGTON.



*Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
As shall conveniently become you there :*

And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,<sup>2</sup>  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

SALAN. I think, he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>3</sup>

*Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. vii:

"Quick. — desires you to send her your little page, of all loves : " i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

Your *mind of love* may, however, in this instance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604: "A *mind of treason* is a *treasonable mind*."

"Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*."

STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*

*Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.]* So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprising that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *embraced heaviness*—] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakspeare had written—*entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, *that he hugs his sorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heaviness*?

JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, sc. i:

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

With some delight or other.

SALAR.

Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain<sup>4</sup> straight;  
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii:

“——doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair.”

STEEVENS.

“——draw the curtain——] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old stage-direction in *King Henry VIII*: “The king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.” STEEVENS.

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me:<sup>5</sup> Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire.—That many may be meant<sup>6</sup>  
By the fool multitude,<sup>7</sup> that choose by show,

<sup>5</sup> *And so have I address'd me:]* To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. So, in *All's well that ends well*: “Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that so seriously he doth address himself unto?”  
STEEVENS.

I believe we should read:

“And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now,

“To my heart's hope!”

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. scene the last, Falstaff says: “—I will then address me to my appointment.”

TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> — *That many may be meant—]* The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unnecessary to the sense, and destroys the measure. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *That many may be meant*

*By the fool multitude,]* i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present,—“*Of the fool multitude,*”—which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors;—but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used.

So, in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, as translated by North, 1575: “—he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; meaning that by Brutus and Cassius.” i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Life of Edward the Fifth*;—Holinshed, p. 1374: “—that meant he by the lordes of the queenes kindred that were taken before,” i. e. by that he meant the lords,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the mart-  
let,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force<sup>a</sup> and road of casualty.  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump<sup>b</sup> with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;*  
And well said too ; For who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !  
How many then should cover, that stand bare ?  
How many be commanded, that command ?  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

&c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371 : " My lord, quoth lord Hastings, on my life, never doubt you ; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This meant he by *Catesby*, which was of his near secrete counsaile," i. e. by this he meant *Catesby*, &c.

\* Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, " — the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how it was meant by a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again, *ibidem*, p. 161 : " Any simple judgement might easily perceive by whom it was meant, that is, by lady Elizabeth, Queene of England." MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — in the force—] i. e. the power. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* : " — in the force of his will." STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — jump—] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I : " — and in some sort it jumps with my humour." STEEVENS.

From the true seed of honour?<sup>1</sup> and how much  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd?<sup>2</sup> Well, but to my choice :

<sup>1</sup> *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd*

*From the true seed of honour?*] The meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.* But since men are always said to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been written thus :

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd*

*From the true seed of honour? how much honour*

*Glean'd from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *how much honour*

*Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,*

*To be new varnish'd?*] This confusion and mixture of the metaphors, makes me think that Shakspeare wrote :

*To be new vanned—*

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *fan* used for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same thought. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV*:

“ We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

“ That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in some counties of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to set down the name, when I transcribed the following passage :

“ — when we had taken the first crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens*.” The word occurs, however, both in the notes on Tusser, and in Mortimer. STEEVENS.

Steevens justly observes, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour,

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :*  
 I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,<sup>3</sup>  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*POR.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*AR.* What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
 Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.  
 How much unlike art thou to Portia ?  
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings ?  
*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*  
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?  
 Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

*POR.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
 And of opposed natures.

*AR.* What is here ?

*The fire seven times tried this ;  
 Seven times tried that judgment is,  
 That did never choose amiss :  
 Some there be, that shadows kiss ;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :  
 There be fools alive, I wis,<sup>4</sup>  
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.*

mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be new varnished. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,]* The words —*for this*, which (as Mr. Ritson observes,) destroy the measure, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *I wis,]* I know. *Wissen*, German. So, in *King Henry VI* :

“ *I wis* your grandame had no worser match.”  
 Again, in the comedy of *King Cambyzes* :

“ *Yea, I wis*, shall you, and that with all speed.”  
 Sidney, Ascham, and Waller, use the word. STEEVENS.

*Take what wife you will to bed,<sup>5</sup>  
I will ever be your head :  
So begone, sir,<sup>6</sup> you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here :  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.—  
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.<sup>7</sup>

*[Exeunt Arragon, and Train.]*

*POR.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*NER.* The ancient saying is no heresy ;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*POR.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Where is my lady ?

<sup>5</sup> *Take what wife you will to bed,]* Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *So begone, sir,]* *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *— to bear my wroth.]* The old editions read—“ to bear my wroath.” *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune* ; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the miseries of another*. Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, &c. 1471, has frequent instances of *wroth*. Thus, also, in Chapman's version of the 22nd *Iliad* :

“ — born to all the *wroth*,

“ Of woe and labour.”

The modern editors read—my *wrath*. STEEVENS.

POR. Here; what would my lord?<sup>8</sup>

SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord:  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;<sup>9</sup>  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit<sup>1</sup> in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

NER. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> Por. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this speech  
to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa*?

TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> — regrets;] i. e. salutations. So, in *K. John*, Act III.  
sc. i:

“Unyoke this seizure, and this kind *regreet*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — high-day wit —] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:  
“— he speaks *holiday*.” STEEVENS.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.**Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.**SALAN.* Now, what news on the Rialto?*SALAR.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.*SALAN.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,<sup>2</sup> or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—*SALAR.* Come, the full stop.*SALAN.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.*SALAR.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!*SALAN.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil

<sup>2</sup> — knapp'd *ginger*;] To knap is to break short. The word occurs in *The Common Prayer*: "He *knappeth* the spear in sunder." STEEVENS.

cross my prayer;<sup>3</sup> for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*SHY.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*SALAR.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*SALAN.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*SHY.* She is damn'd for it.

*SALAR.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*SHY.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*SALAN.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*SHY.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*SALAR.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and

<sup>3</sup> — my prayer;] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by saying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

rhenish :—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

SHY. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal,<sup>4</sup> who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; What's that good for ?

SHY. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew : Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means,

<sup>4</sup> ——— a bankrupt, a prodigal,] This is spoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal ? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal ; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him :

“ ——— I'll go in hate to feed upon

“ The prodigal Christian—”

But Antonio was a plain, reserved parsimonious merchant ; be assured, therefore, we should read—a bankrupt FOR a prodigal, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio.      WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend.

JOHNSON.

His lending money without interest, “for a christian courtesy,” was likewise a reason for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal.

EDWARDS.

warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us; do we not bleed?<sup>5</sup> if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*SALAR.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*SALAN.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. and Servant.*]

*SHY.* How now, Tubal; what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*TUB.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*SHY.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that;

<sup>5</sup> — *if you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Are not Jews made of the same materials as Christians? says Shylock; thus in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, p. 140, 4to. V. IV: "Cæsar does not consider his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "οὐδε ἀπὸ τῶν τραυματίων λογίζεται Καίσαρ ἐπὶ θνήσκων μὲν ἀρκεῖ." S. W.

and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*TUB.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*SHY.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*TUB.* —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*SHY.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

*TUB.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*SHY.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha?—Where? in Genoa!

*TUB.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

*SHY.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*TUB.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*SHY.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*TUB.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*SHY.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:<sup>6</sup> I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*TUB.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*SHY.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tu-

\* — it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A *turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this Ben Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus*:

“And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,

“Look well, or ill with him.”

Again, in *The Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

“The *turkesse*, which who haps to wear,

“Is often kept from peril.”

Again, Edward Fenton, in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to. 1569: “The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it.” P. 51, b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have presented *Shylock* with his *turquoise* for a better reason; as this stone “is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

The same quality was supposed to be resident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“You may say jet will take up a straw, amber will make one fat,

“Coral will look pale when you be sick, and chrystal will stanch blood.”

Thus, Holmshed, speaking of the death of King John: “And when the King suspected them (the pears) to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such *precious stones* as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat as it were bewraeing the poison,” &c.

STEEVENS.

bal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Belmont.    *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: <sup>7</sup> O! these naughty times

<sup>7</sup> *And so all yours!]* The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. In the next line but one below, where the same word

Put bars between the owners and their rights ;  
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,<sup>a</sup>  
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.<sup>9</sup>  
 I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time ;<sup>1</sup>  
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose ;  
 For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love ;  
 There may as well be amity and life  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable.

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,]* It may be more grammatically read :

*And so though yours I'm not yours.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.]* The meaning is, “ If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath.” HEATH.

<sup>1</sup> — *to peize the time ;]* Thus the old copies. To peize is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III* :

“ Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow.”

To *peize the time*, therefore, is to *retard it by hanging weights upon it*. The modern editors read, without authority,—*piece*.

STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh, or balance* ; and figuratively, to *keep in suspense, to delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry* :—“ not speaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each syllable.” HENLEY.



*POR.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*BASS.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*POR.* Well then, confess, and live.

*BASS.* Confess, and love,  
Had been the very sum of my confession:  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*POR.* Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.—  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—  
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in musick: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;  
And what is musick then? then musick is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage: Now he goes,  
With no less presence,<sup>2</sup> but with much more love,  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster:<sup>3</sup> I stand for sacrifice,

<sup>2</sup> *With no less presence,]* With the same dignity of mien.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *To the sea-monster:]* See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199, et seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The destruction of Troy*:—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his greatness and his beauty." See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.<sup>4</sup>

*Musick, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

### SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy<sup>5</sup> bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?*

Reply.<sup>6</sup>

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies:  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.  
 All. Ding, dong, bell.*

<sup>4</sup> *Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.]* One of  
 the quartos [Roberts's] reads:

*Live then, I live with much more dismay  
 To view the fight, than &c.*

The folio, 1623, thus:

*Live thou, I live with much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than &c.*

Heyes's quarto gives the present reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —fancy—] i. e. Love. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Than sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —Reply.] The words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verse in the song; but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

BASS.—So may the outward shows<sup>7</sup> be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,<sup>8</sup>  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it<sup>9</sup> with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice<sup>1</sup> so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,<sup>2</sup>  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;<sup>3</sup>  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,

<sup>7</sup> *So may the outward shows* —] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *gracious voice*,] Pleasing; winning favour.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *approve it* —] i. e. justify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — I am full sorry

“ That he *approves* the common liar, fame.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *There is no vice* —] The old copies read—*voice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *valour's excrement*,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, “*pedler's excrement*,” in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty is purchased* so; — as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

Making them lightest that wear most of it :<sup>4</sup>  
 So are those crisped<sup>5</sup> snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.<sup>6</sup>  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Making them lightest that wear most of it :* ] *Lightest* is here used in a wanton sense. So, afterwards:

“ Let me be light, but let me not seem *light*.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *crisped* — ] i. e. curled. So, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

“ Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *in the sepulchre.* ] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled, *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—“ My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman.” Again, *ibid*; “ These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes;—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *the guiled shore*— ] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. So, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Or only a fair show, to *guile* his mischiefs.”

I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*.

To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty ;<sup>8</sup> in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man :<sup>9</sup> but thou, thou meager lead,  
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,  
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,<sup>1</sup>  
 And here choose I ; Joy be the consequence !

*Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles, *Guiled* stands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Indian beauty ;*] Sir T. Hanmer reads :

— *Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *thou pale and common drudge*

'*Tween man and man :*] So, in Chapman's *Hymnus in Noctern*, 4to. 1594 :

" To whom *pale* day (with whoredome soked quite)

" Is but a *drudge*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,*] The old copies read—*paleness*. STEEVENS.

Bassanio is displeased at the golden *casket* for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness* ; but what ! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeased him in the silver ? The poet certainly wrote :

*Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence :*

This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence* ; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casket* :

" *This third, dull lead, with warning all is blunt.*"

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*,

" — Thou *stale*, and common drudge

" 'Tween man and man." —

The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,"

*POR.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rain thy joy,<sup>2</sup> scant this excess;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

Says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax's *Tasso*, we have—

“The lord T'ancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*.”

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:

“Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any stone.”

And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar*:

“—— She blushed scarlet red,

“Then straight again, as *pale* as *lead*.”

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,

“I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

“Of saucy and audacious *eloquence*.” *FARMER.*

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleness moves me, &c.] Dr. W.'s objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to silver, that “*pale* and *common drudge*,” *lead*, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. *MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> *In measure rain thy joy,*] The first quarto edition reads:

*In measure range thy joy.*

The folio, and one of the quartos:

*In measure raine thy joy.*

I once believ'd Shakspeare meant:

*In measure rein thy joy.*

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised. *JOHNSON.*

Having frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I am also strongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the second instance quoted below by Mr. Steevens, is spelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*. So, in *The Tempest*, edit. 1623:

“—— do not give dalliance

“Too much the *raine*.” *MALONE.*

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well known proverb, *it cannot rain, but it pours*.

For fear I surfeit!

BASS.

What find I here?<sup>3</sup>

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit?<sup>4</sup> What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ — pour not too fast joys on me,

“ But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them.”

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *K. Henry IV.*  
P. I. confirms my sense of the passage:

“ — but in short space

“ It rain'd down fortune show'ring on thy head,

“ And such a flood of greatness fell on you,” &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more especially on account of the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading:

“ — being once chaf'd, he cannot

“ Be *rein'd* again to temperance.”

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:

“ *Rein* thy tongue.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Some monosyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of—*here*, used as a dissyllable; and even with such assistance, the verse, to the ear at least, would be defective. Perhaps our author designed Portia to say:

“ For fear I surfeit *me*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Fair Portia's counterfeit?*] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “ I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*.”

Again, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother—

“ The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers.”

STEEVENS.

Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd:<sup>5</sup> Yet look, how far

<sup>5</sup> *Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd:] Perhaps it might be:  
And leave himself unfurnish'd.* JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurnished* must mean “unfurnished with a companion, or fellow.” I am confirmed in this explanation, by the following passage in Fletcher’s *Lover’s Progress*, where Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian’s challenge, which Clarangé accepts—

“—— you are a noble gentleman,  
“Will’t please you bring a friend; we are two of us,  
“And pity, either of us should be *unfurnish’d*.”

M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson’s emendation would altogether subvert the poet’s meaning. If the artist, in painting *one* of Portia’s eyes, should lose both his own, that eye which he had painted, must necessarily be *left unfurnished*, or destitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

*And leave itself unfurnished:]* i. e. and leave itself incomplete; unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author seems to have considered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: “—he was *furnish’d* like a huntsman;” i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntsman. MALONE.

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene’s *History of Faire Bellora*; afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio*, bl. 1: “If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-seeing sences, that quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfinished*.”

A preceding passage in Bassanio’s speech might have been suggested by the same novel. STEEVENS.



The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance.<sup>6</sup>—Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
 Chance as fair and choose as true!  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content, and seek no new.  
 If you be well pleas'd with this,  
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
 Turn you where your lady is,  
 And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;  
[Kissing her.]

I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise<sup>7</sup> be his or no;  
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;

*A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men: "What are our  
 curled and crisped lockes, but snares and nets to catch and en-  
 tangle the hearts of gazers," &c. STEEVENS.*

<sup>6</sup> — *this shadow*

*Doth limp behind the substance.] So, in The Tempest:*

"—she will outstrip all praise,

"And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *peals of praise* —] The second quarto reads—*pearles* of  
 praise. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbour  
 of Virtue*, 1576:

"The *pearles of praise* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C.'s verses in praise of the same author's *Rock  
 of Regard*:

"But that that bears the *pearle of praise* away."

STEEVENS.

As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*POR.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for my self alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich;  
That only to stand high on your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something;<sup>8</sup> which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn;<sup>9</sup> and happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,

<sup>8</sup> *Is sum of something;*] We should read—*some* of something, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which she explains in the following line.      *WARBURTON.*

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

*Is sum of nothing.*——

The purport of the reading in the text seems to be this:

“—— the full *sum* of me——”

*Is sum of something*, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—an *unlesson'd girl*, &c.

*STEEVENS.*

I should prefer the reading of the folio, as it is Portia's intention, in this speech, to undervalue herself.      *M. MASON.*

<sup>9</sup> *But she may learn;*] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable.      *MALONE.*

Till the reader has reconciled his ear to this dissyllabical pronunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—and, a harmless monosyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the sake of obvious metre.      *STEEVENS.*

As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent together,<sup>1</sup>  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

GRA. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:<sup>2</sup>  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

<sup>1</sup> — *being blent together,*] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *you can wish none from me:]* That is, none *away from* me; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

*BASS.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*GRA.* I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;

You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission<sup>3</sup>

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;

And so did mine too, as the matter falls :

For wooing here, until I sweat again ;

And swearing, till my very roof was dry

With oaths of love ; at last,—if promise last,—

I got a promise of this fair one here,

To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achiev'd her mistress.

*POR.* Is this true, Nerissa ?

*NER.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*BASS.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*GRA.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*BASS.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*GRA.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*NER.* What, and stake down ?

*GRA.* No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?

What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

<sup>3</sup> ———for intermission—] *Intermission is pause, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ———gentle heaven

“ Cut short all *intermission* !” STEEVENS.

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*BASS.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither ;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*POR.* So do I, my lord ;  
They are entirely welcome.

*LOR.* I thank your honour :—For my part, my  
lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*SALE.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*BASS.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*SALE.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*GRA.* Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger ; bid her wel-  
come.  
Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?  
I know, he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.*] So, in Abraham Fleming's *Rythme Decasyllabicall, upon this last luckie Voyage of worthie Capteine Frobisher, 1577* :

*SAL.* 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

*POR.* There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :  
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—  
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

*BASS.* O sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,  
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;  
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart : When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;

“ The golden fleece (like Jason) hath he got,

“ And rich return'd, saunce losse or luckless lot.”

Again, in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605 :

“ I will returne seyz'd of as rich a prize

“ As Jason, when he wanne the golden fleece.”

It appears, from the registers of the Stationers' Company, that we seem to have had a version of Valerius Flaccus in 1565. In this year (whether in verse or prose is unknown,) was entered to J. Purfoote : “ The story of Jason, howe he gotte the golden flece, and howe he did begyle Media [Medea,] out of Laten into Englishe, by Nycholas Whyte.” STEEVENS.

The paper as the body<sup>s</sup> of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*SALE.* Not one, my lord.  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it : Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man :  
He plies the duke at morning, and at night ;  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*JES.* When I was with him, I have heard him  
swear,  
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,

<sup>s</sup> *The paper as the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play, Act IV: "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. instead of—*is* mine.

MALONE.

The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body.

STEEVENS.





*very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,<sup>7</sup> if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*POR.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

*BASS.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste: but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*SHY.* Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of  
mercy;—  
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*ANT.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*SHY.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my  
bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause:  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

<sup>7</sup> ——— and I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's.  
Mr. Pope reads—and me. MALONE.

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>8</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*ANT.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*SHY.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee  
speak :

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,<sup>9</sup>  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*SALAN.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

*ANT.*

Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*SALAN.*

I am sure, the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*ANT.* The duke cannot deny the course of law;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *so fond*—] i. e. so foolish. So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly: “—that the youth seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* speech.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *dull-ey'd fool*,] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is bestowed on *melancholy* in *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The duke cannot deny &c.*] As the reason here given seems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the duke stop the course of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever. WARBURTON.

For the commodity that strangers have  
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,<sup>2</sup>  
 Will much impeach the justice of the state;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
 Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

Belmont.    *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
 BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
 You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

<sup>2</sup> *For the commodity that strangers have With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.]* i. e. for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished. In *The Historye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a section *On the libertee of straungers at Venice.* MALONE.

I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*POR.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,<sup>3</sup>  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners,<sup>4</sup> and of spirit;

<sup>3</sup> *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke &c.*] The folio, 1623, reads—*egal*, which, I believe, in Shakspeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

"I will presume hym so to dignifie

"Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to *The Remedy of Love*.

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

"Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.*] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?

"*Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*," &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland*, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them *Arthur's lineaments three times translated*; and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen*, &c.

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth *Iliad*:

Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,<sup>5</sup>  
 Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?  
 This comes too near the praising of myself;  
 Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.<sup>6</sup>—  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,

“ ——— took the weariness of fight

“ From all his nerves and *lineaments*,——”

Again, in the thirteenth *Iliad*:

“ ——— the course

“ Of his illustrious *lineaments* so out of nature bound,

“ That back nor forward he could stir,——”

Again, in the twenty-third *Iliad*:

“ ——— so overlabour'd were

“ His goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector,” &c.

Again, in the twenty-fourth *Iliad*:

“ ——— Those throes that my deliverers were

“ Of his unhappy *lineaments*;”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the bosom lover of my lord,*] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him: “he is his true *lover*.” So, in *Coriolanus*: “I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*.” Many more instances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, *passim*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *hear other things.*] In former editions:

*This comes too near the praising of myself;*

*Therefore no more of it: here other things,*

*Lorenzo, I commit &c.*

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it; says, She'll say no more of that sort; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return :  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
 Not to deny this imposition ;  
 The which my love, and some necessity,  
 Now lays upon you.

*LOR.* Madam, with all my heart ;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*POR.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*LOR.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on  
 you !

*JES.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*POR.* I thank you for your wish, and am well  
 pleas'd

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—  
 [*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,  
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,  
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
 In speed to Padua ;<sup>7</sup> see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;

<sup>7</sup> *In speed to Padua ;*] The old copies read—*Mantua* ; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done, —*In speed to Padua* : for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So, afterwards :—*A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, now come from Padua*—And again : *Came you from Padua, from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from Padua, from Bellario.*—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. THEOBALD.

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>8</sup>  
Unto the tranect,<sup>9</sup> to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

*BALTH.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.  
[*Exit.*]

*POR.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,  
Before they think of us.

*NER.* Shall they see us?

*POR.* They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accouter'd ' like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;

<sup>8</sup> ———with imagin'd speed—] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third Act of *King Henry V*:

"Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene' flies."

Again, in *Hamlet*: “—swift as meditation—” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Unto the tranect,*] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the subsequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or sluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakspeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *accouter'd*—] So, the earliest quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. MALONE.

And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
 Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
 How honourable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;  
 I could not do with all ;<sup>2</sup>—then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

NER.

Why, shall we turn to men?

POR. Fye ! what a question's that,  
 If thou wert near a lew'd interpreter ?  
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,  
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

\* —do *with all* ;] For the sense of the word *do*, in this place, see a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. VI. p. 203.

COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.



## SCENE V.

*The same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

**LAUN.** Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you.<sup>3</sup> I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

**JES.** And what hope is that, I pray thee?

**LAUN.** Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

**JES.** That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

**LAUN.** Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:<sup>4</sup> well, you are gone both ways.

<sup>3</sup> — *therefore, I promise you, I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we should read—I fear *for* you.  
MALONE.

There is not the slightest need of emendation. The disputed phrase is authorized by a passage in *King Richard III*:

“The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

“And his physicians *fear him mightily.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier; but several translations of this adage were ob-

*JES.* I shall be saved by my husband ;<sup>s</sup> he hath made me a Christian.

vious to Shakspeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem entitled *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, bl. l. no date :

“ While *Silla* they do seem to shun,

“ In *Charibd* they do fall,” &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards Bishop of Megala,) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth Book of his heroic Poem, *Darius* (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus,) is thus apostrophized :

“ Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde suorum

“ Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem

“ Rex periture fugam? nescis, heu! perditte, nescis

“ Quem fugias, hostes incurris dum fugis hostem :

“ Incidis in *Scyllam*, cupiens vitare *Charibdim*.

“ Bessus, Narzabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,

“ Quos inter proceres humili de plebe locasti,

“ Non veriti temerare fidem, capitisq; verendi

“ Perdere caniciem, spreto moderamine juris,

“ Proli dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes.”

The author of the line in question (who was unknown to Erasmus) was first ascertained by Galeottus Martius, who died in 1476; (See *Menagiana*, Vol. I. p. 173, edit. 1729,) and we learn from *Henricus Gandavensis de Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the *Alexandreis* had been a common school-book. “ In scholis Grammaticorum tantæ fuisse dignitatis, ut præ ipso veterum Poetarum lectio negligetur.” Barthius also, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the same effect. “ Et media barbarie non plane ineptus versificator Galterus ab Insula (qui tempore Joannis Saresberiensis, ut ex hujus ad eum epistolis discimus, vixit)—Tam autem postea clarus fuit, ut expulsis quibusvis bonis auctoribus, scholas tenuerit.” Freinsheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confesses that he had never seen the work of Gualtier.

The corrupt state in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earliest edition,) still appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent transcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whose hands the MS. passed, seems to have made some ignorant and capricious changes in its text; so that in many places it is as apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakspeare. “ Galterus (says Hermann in his *Conspectus Reipublicæ Literariæ*, p. 102,) secutus est

**LAUN.** Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter* **LORENZO.**

**JES.** I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

**LOR.** I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

**JES.** Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

**LOR.** I shall answer that better to the common-

*Curtium, & sæpe ad verbum expressit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli possunt; id quod experiendo didici.*" See also, I. G. Vossius *de Poet. Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Sçavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had translated a long passage of *The Alexandreis* into blank verse before the year 1557, (See Surrey's *Poems*, and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 63,) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's *Theatrum*, &c. a work understood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extensive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. STEEVENS.

Nothing is more frequent than this Proverb in our old writers. Thus Ascham, in his *Scole-master*: — "If *Scylla* drowne him not, *Charybdis* may fortune to swallowe him." Again, Niccols in his *England's Eliza*:

"To shun *Charybdis* jaws, they helpless fell

"In *Scylla's* gulf," &c.

wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*LAUN.* It is much, that the Moor should be more<sup>6</sup> than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*LOR.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*LAUN.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*LOR.* Goodly lord,<sup>7</sup> what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

I remember it is likewise met with in Lyly's *Euphues*, Harrington's *Ariosto*, &c. and Surrey's contemporary in one of his *Poems*:

“From *Scylla* to *Charybdis* clives,—from danger unto death.” *FARMER.*

<sup>5</sup> *I shall be saved by my husband,*] From *St. Paul*:

“The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.”

*HENLEY.*

<sup>6</sup> *It is much, that the Moor should be more &c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of:

“*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,*

“*Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?*”

So, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to say,

“I'll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may.” *STEEVENS.*

Shakspeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More:

“When *More* some years had chancellor been,

“No *more* suits did remain;

“The like shall never *more* be seen,

“Till *More* be there again.” *RITSON.*

<sup>7</sup> *Goodly lord,*] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord* as it is in Theobald's edition. *TYRWHITT.*

It should be—*Good y<sup>e</sup> Lord!* *FARMER.*

LAUN. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover then, sir?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!<sup>3</sup>

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; And I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

<sup>3</sup> ——— *how his words are suited!*] I believe the meaning is—What a *series* or *suite* of words he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter.

JOHNSON.

I cannot think either that the word *suited* is derived from the word *suite*, as Johnson supposes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long since the time of Shakspeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expresses his surprize that a fool should apply them so properly, So Jaques says to the Duke in *As you like it*:

“ I met a fool

“ That laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

“ And rail'd at Lady Fortune in good terms,

“ In good *set* terms.”

That is, in *words* well suited. M. MASON.

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*JES.* Past all expressing: It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
Is reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*LOR.*                                      Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*JES.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*LOR.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

*JES.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*LOR.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*JES.*                      Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach,<sup>9</sup> I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALAN. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

<sup>9</sup> — *his envy's reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621: "— he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*." p. 109, edit. 1679. So also, (as Mr. Malone observes,) in Lazarus Pyot's *Orator*, &c. [See the notes at the end of this play,] "— they had slaine him for verie *envie*." STEEVENS.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse,<sup>1</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent<sup>2</sup> cruelty:  
And where<sup>3</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *remorse,*] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello*:

“And to obey shall be in me *remorse*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *apparent* —] That is, *seeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *where* —] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age

“Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,” &c.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enough to press a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republick, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty: only doing homage to the republick for their several



And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.  
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*SHY.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that:  
 But, say, it is my humour ;<sup>5</sup> Is it answer'd?

principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while publick spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction,) were called *royal merchants*. *WARBURTON.*

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. *JOHNSON.*

Even the pulpit did not disdain the use of this phrase. I have now before me "*The Merchant Royal*, a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptials of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfth day last, being Jan. 6, 1607." *STEEVENS.*

<sup>5</sup> — I'll not answer that :

*But, say, it is my humour ;*] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses ; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? *JOHNSON.*

What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 An I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;<sup>6</sup>  
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine; For affection,  
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths:<sup>7</sup> Now, for your answer:

— say, it is my humour;] Suppose it is my particular fancy.  
 HEATH.

<sup>6</sup> — a gaping pig;] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*,  
 1623:

“ He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping*;

“ I thought your grace would find him out a Jew.”

Again, in *The Mastive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

“ Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,

“ A breast of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*.”

See *King Henry VIII.* Act V. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

By a *gaping pig*, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*.”

A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which perhaps furnished our author with his instance,) may serve to confirm the observation: “ The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of sturgeon,” &c. *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Cannot contain their urine; &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood

Of what it likes, or loaths.

Masterless passion Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage:

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,

Master of passion, sways it, &c.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

And then it is govern'd of *passion*. The two old quartos and folios read—Masters of *passion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our author's age made a distinction ; as Jonson in *Sejanus* :

“ — He hath studied

“ *Affection's passions*, knows their springs and ends.”

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that *sympathy* or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are provok'd to show a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our *passions*. THEOBALD.

Masters of *passion*, is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians,) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural ? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *sway*, which governs the two nominative cases *affection* and *masters*, require that both should be plural, and consequently direct us to read thus ?

For affections, masters of *passion sway it*, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *passions* anciently had different significations, may be known from the following instance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616 :

“ His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*.”

*Affections*, as used by Shylock, seem to signify *imagination*s, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, Act I. is a passage somewhat similar : “ And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you.” STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive ; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays ; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. [See

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;

Vol. IV. p. 78, n. 9.] This is the only change that is now made in the present passage ; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line:

“ Cannot contain their urine for *affection*,” I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bagpipe ; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I shall borrow Dr. Johnson’s words, with a slight variation : “ Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it.” *It*, (“ sway it,”) in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling.

MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The masters of passion, that is, such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing ; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance.

HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is :

“ And others, when the bag-pipe sings i’ th’ nose,

“ Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.

“ Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood

“ Of what it likes or loaths.”

i. e. *some men when they hear the sound of a bag-pipe, are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For those things which are masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will.* RITSON.

After all that has been said about this contested passage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonson’s *Sad Shepherd*.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he observes that “ *Mistress* was formerly spelt *Maistresse* or *Maistres*. In Upton’s and Church’s *Spenser*, we have :

“ — young birds, which he had taught to sing

“ His *maistresse* praises.” B. III. c. vii. st. 17.

Why he, a swollen bag-pipe ; \* but of force

This, I presume, is the reading of the first edition of the three first Books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not ; in the second edition, 1596, and the folios 1609 and 1611, it is spelt *mistresse*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have "my maister, and my *maistress*." See p. 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maistres* (easily corrupted, by the transposition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maisters*, which is the reading of the second folio of Shakspeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult passage, gives a quotation from *Othello*, which countenances this supposed difference of gender in the noun :—" And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you."

Admitting *maistres* to have been Shakspeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the passage thus :

" ——— for affection

" *Mistress* of passion, sways it to the mood

" Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be observed, *Affectio* and *Passio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, so well supported, and so modestly offered, I cannot refuse a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may also receive countenance from the following passage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* :—" She saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense ; she found *opinion mistresse* of the Lover's judgment."

So, likewise, in the Prologue to a MS. entitled, *The Booke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game* :—" ymaginacion *maistresse* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

\* *Why he, a swollen bag-pipe ;*] This incident Shakspeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics : it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. Sect. vi.* he has these words : " Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam *Sympathiam* Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere coge-batur."—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger

Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended ;

uses the word *Sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by affection :

*Cannot contain their urine for affection.*

Which shows the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies ; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger ; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare. " Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical* ; and so used by Lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen bag-pipe*, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the authour wrote *wooden bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of wood.

JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling* or *swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A passage in Turberville's *Epitaphes*, p. 13, supports the emendation proposed by Sir John Hawkins :

" First came the rustick forth

" With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This instance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have seen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with silver fringe.

R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in support of the old reading, observes, that the skin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*BASS.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*SHY.* I am not bound to please thee with my  
answer.

*BASS.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*SHY.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*BASS.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*SHY.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting  
thee twice?

*ANT.* I pray you, think you question<sup>9</sup> with the  
Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;<sup>1</sup>

As the aversion was not caused by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the sound arising from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading—*swollen*, in the text.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *you question* —] To question is to converse. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—in the loss of *question*—” i. e. conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *the mountain pines*

*To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,*

*When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;*] This image seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid, 1587, Book XV. p. 196:

You may as well do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
 His Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no further means,  
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*BASS.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*SHY.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*DUKE.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring  
 none?

*SHY.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no  
 wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
 The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, is mine,<sup>3</sup> and I will have it :

“ Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the headdy  
 easterne wind

“ Doth whizz amongst them—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *many a purchas'd slave,*] This argument, considered  
 as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not  
 how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase  
 and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing*  
*to others as we would that they should do to us.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *is mine,*] The first quarto reads—*as mine*, evidently a  
 misprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis mine*.

MALONE.



If you deny me, fye upon your law !  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

*DUKE.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for<sup>4</sup> to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*SALAR.*                      My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*DUKE.* Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

*BASS.* Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*ANT.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Bellario, a learned doctor,*

*Whom I have sent for —*] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskilfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely ; but how should this be foreknown by Portia ?

JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was foreknown by Portia. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

NER. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture<sup>5</sup> from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,<sup>6</sup>

Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy.<sup>7</sup> Can no prayers pierce thee ?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — the forfeiture —] Read—*forfeit*. It occurs repeatedly in the present scene for *forfeiture*. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again ; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase : *Though thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the sole of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd, the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

WARBURTON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;

“ Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

“ To stab at half an hour of my life.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Of thy sharp envy.*] *Envy* again, in this place, signifies hatred or malice. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *inexorable dog* !] All the old copies read—*inexorable*. —It was corrected in the old folio. STEEVENS.

Perhaps, however, unnecessarily. *In* was sometimes used in our author's time, in composition, as an augmentative or intensive particle. MALONE.

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.  
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
 That souls of animals infuse themselves  
 Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit,  
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,<sup>9</sup>  
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*SHY.* Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my  
 bond,  
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:  
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*DUKE.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
 A young and learned doctor to our court:—  
 Where is he?

*NER.* He attendeth here hard by,  
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*DUKE.* With all my heart:—some three or four  
 of you,  
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
 Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that,  
 at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in  
 the instant that your messenger came, in loving vi-*

<sup>9</sup> — *thy currish spirit*

*Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,]* This allusion might have been caught from some old translation of Pliny, who mentions a Parrhasian turned into a wolf, because he had eaten part of a child that had been consecrated to Lycæan Jupiter. See Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, 4to. 1607, pp. 390, 391. STEEVENS.

sitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar : I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome : take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court ?

POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock ?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you,<sup>1</sup> as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger,<sup>2</sup> do you not?

[To ANTONIO.

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Cannot impugn you,*] To *impugn*, is to oppose, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."

Again:

"If any press t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *You stand within his danger,*] i. e. within his reach or control. This phrase originates from another in the lowest Latin, that often occurs in monastic records. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed on a passage in Chaucer.) See *Hist. Abbat. Pipwell. ap. Monast. Angl. t. i. p. 815*: "Nec audebant Abbates eidem resistere, quia aut pro denariis aut pro bladis semper fuerunt Abbates in *dangerio* dicti Officialis." Thus, also, in the *Corvysor's Play*, among the collection of Whitsun Mysteries, represented at Chester. See MS. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

"Two detters some tyme there were

"Oughten money to an usurere,

"The one was in *his daungere*

"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent instances in *The Paston Letters* of the use of this phrase in the same sense; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in DEBT* and *to be in DANGER*, were synonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in Powel's *History of Wales*, 1587: "—laying for his excuse that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come in *their danger*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The quality of mercy is not strain'd; &c.*] In composing these beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakspeare recollected the following verse in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown :  
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.<sup>4</sup> Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation : <sup>5</sup> we do pray for mercy ;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant  
 there.

*SIR.* My deeds upon my head ! <sup>6</sup> I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*POR.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

<sup>4</sup> *And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.*] So, in *King Edward III.* a  
 tragedy, 1596 :

“ And kings approach the nearest unto God,

“ By giving life and safety unto men.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *in the course of justice, none of us*

*Should see salvation :*] Portia referring the Jew to the  
 Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little  
 out of character. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> *My deeds upon my head !*] An imprecation adopted from  
 that of the Jews to Pilate: “ His blood be on us, and our  
 children!” HENLEY.

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
 Yea, twice the sum : <sup>7</sup> if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er ;  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth. <sup>8</sup> And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority :  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be ; there is no power in  
 Venice  
 Can alter a decree established :  
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
 And many an error, by the same example,  
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—  
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
 No, not for Venice.

<sup>7</sup> Yea, twice the sum : ] We should read—*thrice* the sum.—  
 Portia, a few lines below, says—

“ Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee.”  
 And Shylock himself supports the emendation :

“ I take his offer then ;—pay the bond *thrice*.”

The editions, indeed, read—*this* offer ; but Mr. Steevens has  
 already proposed the alteration we ought to adopt. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — malice bears down truth. ] Malice oppresses honesty ;  
 a true man in old language is an honest man. We now call the  
 jury good men and true. JOHNSON.

*POR.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*SHY.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*ANT.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*POR.* Why then, thus it is.  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife :

*SHY.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

*POR.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*SHY.* 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*POR.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*SHY.* Ay, his breast :  
So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*POR.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh ?

*SHY.* I have them ready.

*POR.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*SHY.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?



*POR.* It is not so express'd; But what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*SHY.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*POR.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to  
say?

*ANT.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery<sup>9</sup> doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*BASS.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*POR.* Your wife would give you little thanks for  
that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*GRA.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;

<sup>9</sup> *Of such a misery* —] The first folio destroys the measure by omitting the particle—*a*; which, nevertheless, is found in the corrected second folio, 1632. STEEVENS.

I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*SHY.* These be the christian husbands: I have a daughter;

'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas'  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!  
[*Aside.*]

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*POR.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*SHY.* Most rightful judge!

*POR.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*SHY.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

*POR.* Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

<sup>1</sup> — the stock of Barrabas—] The name of this robber is differently spelt as well as accented in *The New Testament*; [Μη τῆτον, ἀλλὰ τον Βαραβῶαν. ἦν δε ὁ Βαραβῶας ληστής;] but Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwise have written :

"Would any of Barabbas' stock had been

"Her husband, rather than a Christian!" STEEVENS.

GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law?

POR. Thyself shalt see the act :  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

SHY. I take this offer then;<sup>2</sup>—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. Soft;  
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.<sup>3</sup>

\* *I take this offer then;*] Perhaps we should read—*his*; i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

*This offer is right.* Shylock specifies the offer he means, which is, “to have the bond paid thrice.” M. MASON.

He means, I think, to say, “I take *this* offer that has been made me.” Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—“Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money,” &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgment is related by Gracian, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflection at the conclusion of it: “—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terqueria a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*” El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3. Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652:

“The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
 But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,  
 Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
 Or the division of the twentieth part  
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn  
 But in the estimation of a hair,—  
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*GRA.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !  
 Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*POR.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

*SHY.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*BASS.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*POR.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*GRA.* A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—  
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*SHY.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*POR.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture  
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*SHY.* Why then the devil give him good of it !  
 I'll stay no longer question.

that of Solomon : a *Jew* pretended to cut an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury ; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obstinacy, as perfidiousness towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or less : And this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtilty." *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from Farnsworth's translation, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

*POR.* Tarry, Jew ;  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*GRA.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*DUKE.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*POR.* Ay, for the state;<sup>4</sup> not for Antonio.

*SHY.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,

<sup>4</sup> *Ay, for the state; &c.]* That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

When you do take the means whereby I live.

*POR.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*GRA.* A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's sake.

*ANT.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content,<sup>5</sup> so he will let me have

The other half in use,—to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*DUKE.* He shall do this; or else I do recant  
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*POR.* Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou  
say?

*SHY.* I am content.

<sup>5</sup> *I am content,*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death.* JOHNSON.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the state's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in trust*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's husband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at interest* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. RITSON.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at interest during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in use.* M. MASON.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,<sup>6</sup>  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

POR. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;<sup>7</sup>  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson:

“—— I will leave you

“To your godfathers in law. Let twelve men work.”

STEEVENS.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*; &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the speakers, to show his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says: “I did see him aske blessinge to xii godfathers at ones.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *grace of pardon*;] Thus the old copies; the modern editors read, less harshly, but without authority,—*your grace's pardon*. The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello*:—“*I humbly do beseech you of your pardon*.”

In the notes to *As you like it*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I have given repeated instances of this phraseology.

STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637. MALONE.

**DUKE.** I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.  
[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

**BASS.** Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

**ANT.** And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

**POR.** He is well paid, that is well satisfied ;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid ;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

**BASS.** Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

**POR.** You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—  
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

**BASS.** This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

**POR.** I will have nothing else but only this ;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

**BASS.** There's more depends on this, than on  
the value.



The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation ;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*POR.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*BASS.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*POR.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,<sup>8</sup>  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!  
[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

*ANT.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.  
[Exit GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

\* *She would not hold out enemy for ever,*] An error of the press.—Read “hold out *enmity*.” M. MASON.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. i. the Messenger says to Beatrice:—"I will hold friends with you, lady." STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Street.**Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*POR.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
 And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,  
 And be a day before our husbands home:  
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*GRA.* Fair sir, you are well overtaken:  
 My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>9</sup>  
 Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
 Your company at dinner.

*POR.* That cannot be:  
 This ring I do accept most thankfully;  
 And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  
 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*GRA.* That will I do.

*NER.* Sir, I would speak with you:—  
 I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To PORTIA.*]  
 Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*POR.* Thou may'st, I warrant; We shall have  
 old swearing,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — upon more advice,] i. e. more reflection. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack advice so much," &c.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — old swearing,] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various instances in our author. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—here will be old utis." The same phrase also occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

That they did give the rings away to men ;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will  
tarry.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LOR. The moon shines bright :—In such a night  
as this,<sup>2</sup>

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *In such a night as this,*] The several speeches beginning with these words, &c. are imitated in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*; which though not ascertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakspeare's:

"In such a night did Paris win his love.

“ *Lelia*. In such a night, Æneas prov’d unkind.

*"Sophos.* In such a night did Troilus court his dear.

**"Lelia. In such a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."**

*Orig. of the Drama*, Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

*Wily Beguiled* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in one of his pamphlets published in that year.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

“ Upon the *wallis* fast eke would he walke,

“ And on the Grekis host he would yse, &c.

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*JES.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*LOR.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand<sup>4</sup>  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*JES.* In such a night,<sup>5</sup>  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*LOR.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew:

“The daie goth fast, and after that came eve

“And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide,

“He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,

“And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide,” &c.

Again, *ibid*:

“And up and doune by west and eke by est,

“Upon the wallis made he many a went.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *In such a night,*

*Stood Dido with a willow in her hand—*] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classicks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton suggests in his *History of English Poetry*, that Shakspeare might have taken this image from some ballad on the subject. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

“Thus it befell upon a night

“Whann there was nought but sterre light,

“She was vanished right as hir list,

“That no wight but herself wist:

“And that was at midnight tide,

“The world was still on every side,” &c.

*Confessio Amantis*, 1554. STEEVENS.

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*JES.*                      And in such a night,<sup>6</sup>  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*LOR.*                      And in such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*JES.* I would out-night you, did no body come:  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*LOR.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*STEPH.* A friend.

*LOR.* A friend? what friend? your name, I  
pray you, friend?

*STEPH.* Stepháno is my name; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses,<sup>7</sup> where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

<sup>6</sup> And in such a night,] The word—and was necessarily added by Mr. Pope, for the sake of metre, both in this and the following speech of Lorenzo.

Mr. Malone, however, assures us that *swear* is to be read as a dissyllable, and divides the passage, as follows:

“In such a night did

“Young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well.”

And afterwards:

“In such a night did

“Pretty Jessica, like a little shrew.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — she doth stray about

By holy crosses,] So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:

*LOR.* Who comes with her?

*STEPH.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*LOR.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*LAUN.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

*LOR.* Who calls?

*LAUN.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and  
mistress Lorenzo! sola, sola!

*LOR.* Leave hollaing, man; here.

*LAUN.* Sola! where? where?

*LOR.* Here.

*LAUN.* Tell him, there's a post come from my  
master, with his horn full of good news; my mas-  
ter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

*LOR.* Sweet soul,<sup>8</sup> let's in, and there expect their  
coming.

"But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in Waltham,

"Another at the Abbey, and the third

"At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass

"Any of these without a Pater-noster."

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

STEEVENS.

\* *Sweet soul,*] These words in the old copies are placed at the  
end of Launcelot's speech. MALONE.

These two words should certainly be placed at the beginning  
of the following speech of *Lorenzo*:

"*Sweet soul,* let's in," &c.

And yet no matter ;—Why should we go in ?  
My friend Stepháno, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[Exit STEPHANO.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick  
Creep in our ears ;<sup>9</sup> soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Pope, I see, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *soule* into *love*, without any necessity.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe first made the present regulation, which appears to me to be right. Instead of *soul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciously substituted in the place of the former by the editor of the second folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions, which for a long time disfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather suppose, that the printer of the second folio, judiciously correcting some mistakes, through inattention committed others. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears ;] So, in Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, 1587 :

“ A musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,

“ By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe.”

Again, in *The Tempest* :

“ This musick crept by me upon the waters.” REED.

<sup>1</sup> ——— with patines of bright gold ;] Dr. Warburton says we should read—*patens* ; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEEVENS.

*Pattens* is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio, 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*pattens*, the other *pattents*.

STEEVENS.

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.<sup>2</sup>—

eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Such harmony is in immortal souls ; &c.*] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been silently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the succeeding editors :

*Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But while this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it.*

That the third line is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was :

*Doth grossly close it in.*

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is the power of perceiving harmony, as afterwards : *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being moved with concord of sweet sounds. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect ; which might be completed by reading :

*Such harmony is in th' immortal soul,  
 But while this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

— close it in —] This idea might have been adopted from a passage in Phaer's translation of *Virgil*, B. VI :

“ Nor closed so in darke can they regard their heavenly kinde,

“ For carkasse foul of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison blinde.” STEEVENS.

*Such harmony is in immortal souls ; &c.*] This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

*Such harmony, &c.* is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line—“ So great is the harmony !” but an illustration : —“ Of the same kind is the harmony.”—The whole runs thus :

*There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is*



*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;<sup>3</sup>  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

*that of immortal souls; or, (in other words,) each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards;) but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing.—It, [Doth grossly close it in,] I apprehend, refers to harmony. This is the reading of the first quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—close in it.*

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense, cannot be heard;—but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely misunderstood this passage,) for *souls* read *sounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

“Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,  
 “To lull the daughters of necessity,  
 “And keep unsteady nature in her law,  
 “And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 “After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 “Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.”

MALONE.

Thus, in *Comus*:

“Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold  
 “Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 “Sure *something holy lodges in that breast,*  
 “And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 “To testify *HIS hidden residence.*” HENLEY.

The old reading *in immortal souls* is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. V: “Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think, that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony.” For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

And draw her home with musick.<sup>4</sup>

JES. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.<sup>5</sup>

[*Musick.*

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing  
loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,<sup>6</sup>

Mr. Malone observes that "the fifth Book of the E. P. was published singly, in 1597." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — wake *Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And draw her home with musick.*] Shakspeare was, I believe, here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustick musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.*] In the age of Shakspeare it is probable that some shade of meaning (at present undeterminable,) was occasionally affixed to the words *sweet* and *sweetness*. Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, [See Vol. IV. p. 254.] we have "a sweet mouth;" and in *Measure for Measure*, [Vol. VI. p. 274.] we are told of—

"Their saucy *sweetness* that do coin heaven's image,

"In stamps that are forbid."

If, in the speech under consideration, Jessica only employs the term *sweet* in one of its common senses, it seems inadequate to the effects assigned to it; and the following passage in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, is as liable to the same objection, unless *dulcia* be supposed to mean *interesting*, or having such command over our passions as musick *merely sweet* can never obtain :

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, *dulcia* sunt,

"Et, quocunque volunt, animum auditoris agunt."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the  
poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musick for the time doth change his nature:

The man that hath no musick in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

*Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;*

*If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,*

*You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, &c.]* We  
find the same thought in *The Tempest*:

“ — Then I beat my tabor,

“ At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,

“ Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,

“ *As they smelt musick.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The man that hath no musick in himself,*

*Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,]* The thought  
here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with musick was  
only the harmony between the *internal* [*musick in himself*] and  
the *external musick* [*concord of sweet sounds;*] which were  
mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could  
not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion,  
as well then as now, was *love of musick*. “*Jam verò video  
naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of Folly,) *ut singulis nationibus,  
ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inesse Philautiam:  
atque hinc fieri, ut Britanni, præter alia, Formam, Musicam,  
& lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.*” WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical and  
moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has  
constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those  
whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or  
retain any other sentiment or description of the same author,  
however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the  
vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession,  
and supplies the coxcomb in musick with an invective against  
such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of lan-  
guage in inarticulate sounds.

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

**POR.** That light we see, is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

**NER.** When the moon shone, we did not see  
the candle.

Our ancient statutes have often received the best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated musick among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love musick, hear it ; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you ; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light ; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153 : "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing but *bad company*." Again :—"Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts ; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either ; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of musick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two ; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

*POR.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark!

*NER.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

*POR.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect;<sup>8</sup>  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*NER.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*POR.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale,<sup>9</sup> if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd!<sup>1</sup> [*Musick ceases.*]

<sup>8</sup> ——— *without respect* ;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The nightingale, &c.*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

“ Our love was new, and then but in the spring,

“ When I was wont to greet it with my lays;

“ As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,

“ And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;

“ Not that the summer is less pleasant now,

“ Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;

“ *But that wild musick burdens every bough,*

“ *And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.*”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,*

*And would not be awak'd!*] The old copies read—Peace!  
*how, &c.* For the emendation now made I am answerable.  
The oddness of the phrase, “ *How the moon would not be*  
*awak'd!*” first made me suspect the passage to be corrupt; and  
the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* suggested the emenda-  
tion, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

LOR. That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

POR. He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands'  
welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

LOR. Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

POR. Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.  
[*A tucket<sup>2</sup> sounds.*]

“Peace, *hoa*, for shame! confusion’s cure lives not  
“In these confusions.”

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I:

“Peace, *hoa*! I bar confusion.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“*Hoa*! peace be in this place!”

Again, *ibid*:

“Peace, *hoa*, be here!”

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the same mistake, I think, has happened. In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins the musick to cease, “Peace, *hoa*!” and then subjoins the reason for her injunction: “The moon,” &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 230.

MALONE.

[*A tucket*—] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.

STEEVENS.

LOR. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

POR. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,

It looks a little paler;<sup>3</sup> 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

BASS. We should hold day<sup>4</sup> with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.<sup>5</sup>

POR. Let me give light,<sup>6</sup> but let me not be light;

<sup>3</sup> ——— daylight sick,

It looks a little paler;—] Hence, perhaps, the following verse in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*:

“The moon shines clear, and makes a *paler day*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *We should hold day &c.*] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *We should hold day with the Antipodes,*

*If you would walk in absence of the sun.*] Thus, Rowe, in his *Ambitious Stepmother*:

“Your eyes, which, could the sun's fair beams decay,

“Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Let me give light, &c.*] There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the same quibble. So, Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—

“So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature.”

Again, Middleton, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“—more lights—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole house.”

Again, in *Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. I thank you, madam: give welcome to  
my friend.—

This the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

POR. You should in all sense be much bound to  
him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.\*

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.

GRA. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

POR. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me; whose posy was<sup>8</sup>

“Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd  
“Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos'd;  
“For *lighting* were she *light* acceptance feels,  
“Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels.”

STEEVENS.

\* — *this breathing courtesy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech:—“You *breathe* in vain.” MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“—mouth-honour, *breath*.” STEEVENS.

\* *That she did give me; whose posy was—*] For the sake of measure, I suppose we should read:

“That she did give to me; &c.



For all the world, like cutler's poetry<sup>9</sup>  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

NER. What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective,<sup>1</sup> and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that  
had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy,<sup>2</sup> that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

So, afterwards:

“Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *like cutler's poetry*—] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, Sir Edward Vaughan says: “You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or knives, which you understand not.” REED.

<sup>1</sup> — *have been respective*,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. Mr. M. Mason thinks it rather means *regardful*. See *King John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. [i. e. for *respectful*.] MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *a youth*,—

*A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;*

*A prating boy, &c.*] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenour of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's clothes. He only means to de-

POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
 And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.  
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
 Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

scribe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age: he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

"—— a little *stubbed* boy."

In many counties it is a common provincialism to call young birds not yet fledged *stubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of *The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubbed boy*, if not a man, at the dissolution of Abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows:

"For that same *stubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,

"In lieu of this, did lie with me last night."

T. WARTON.

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbed* have a like meaning, and signify *stunted*, or *shrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*: "—but such will never prove fair trees, but *skrubs* only." STEEVENS.

*Stubbed* in the sense contended for by Mr. Warton was in use so late as the Restoration. In *The Parliamentary Register*, July 30, 1660, is an advertisement enquiring after a person described as "a thick short *stubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a sad gray suit." REED.

*Scrubbed* perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *short*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *squalidus*.

MALONE.

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*BASS.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

*GRA.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*POR.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*BASS.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*POR.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*NER.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*BASS.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When naught would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*POR.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— contain the ring,] The old copies concur in this reading. JOHNSON.

You would not then have parted with the ring.  
 What man is there so much unreasonable,  
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?<sup>4</sup>  
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe;  
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
 Even he that had held up the very life  
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
 I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
 My honour would not let ingratitude  
 So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;  
 For, by these blessed candles of the night,<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. The word has been already employed in this sense:

"Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So also, in Montaigne's *Essaies*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. iii: "Why dost thou complaine against this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou livest in paine and sorow, thy base courage is the cause of it; to die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's *Essaies*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> What man——wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty, or wanted modesty so much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar:

"Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies." STEEVENS.

! ——candles of the night,] We have again the same ex-

Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*POR.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my  
house :

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you ;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :  
Lie not a night from home ; watch me, like Argus :  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*NER.* And I his clerk ; therefore be well ad-  
vis'd,  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*GRA.* Well, do you so : let not me take him  
then ;  
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*ANT.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*POR.* Sir, grieve not you ; You are welcome not-  
withstanding.

*BASS.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,

pression in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewise occurs in *Diella*, *Certaine Sonnets ad-  
joynded to the amorous Poeme of Don Diego*, and *Gineura*, by  
R. L. 1596 :

“ He who can count the *candles of the skie*,  
“ Reckon the sands whereon *Pactolus flows*,” &c.

MALONE.

In some Saxon poetry preserved in *Hickes's Thesaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the sun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphrasis for the stars, such a favourite with our poet, might have been an expression not grown obsolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*POR.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:  
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,<sup>6</sup>  
And there's an oath of credit.

*BASS.* Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*ANT.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;<sup>7</sup>  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
[To PORTIA.  
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*POR.* Then you shall be his surety: Give him  
this;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*ANT.* Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this  
ring.

*BASS.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

*POR.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*NER.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

<sup>6</sup> — swear by your double self,] Double is here used in a bad sense for—full of duplicity. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — for his wealth;] For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. Wealth was, at that time, the term opposite to adversity, or calamity. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Litany*: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth;"— STEEVENS.

*GRA.* Why, this is like the mending of high-ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*POR.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*ANT.* I am dumb.

*BASS.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

*GRA.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold ?

*NER.* Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*BASS.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*ANT.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living ;  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*POR.* How now, Lorenzo ?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*NER.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*LOR.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*POR.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*GRA.* Let it be so: The first intergatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.* <sup>s</sup>

\* It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view.\* JOHNSON.

\* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnson was right in his conjecture. MALONE.



THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says

Giannetto. He answered, this lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country ; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed ; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was ? whence he came ? and if he knew the custom of the country ? He answered, that the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights, in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto ; and all would have rejoiced to have had him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service : and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine ; he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame : but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return : He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwrecked, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure ; it is a common accident ; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, all his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was

become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid if she knew the streamers; the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time; the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady, who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took the resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn,

and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary ; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two ; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died ; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction : Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte ; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting ; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback : he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed : immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands ? cries Giannetto : at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady, perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour ; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be admi-

nistered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of his palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness; that Ansaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not

accept it ; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress ; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was : the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility : and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him : so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew ; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him : for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew ; each told the merits of the cause to the judge ; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments : and our Judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked ; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off : and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood ; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax ; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond : why did not you take the money when it was offered ?

The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand : but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty : but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand : he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me, at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing : if you will have the pound of flesh, take it ; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money ; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady ? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto : nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will show you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer ; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered ; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto ; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me ; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto ; and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before, and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths ; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry : and when

Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto: and was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

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RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso King of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he



therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will show you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company, told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, sceptre, and all his jewels; and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your

sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here ; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her : carry it with you into your own country, show it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you ; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. [i. e. Lazarus Pilot.\*] London, Printed by Adam Islip, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.)* See p. 401 :

“DECLAMATION 95.

“*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*

“A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie : the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fiftene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh : the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying :

“Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth : wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee can-

\* Lazarus *Pilot*, (not *Pilot*,) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

not or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intolerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also all the sences and spirits are tormented; the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst **Christians** it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the **father for monie**. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (**do you thinke**) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiment of a pounce of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so **small a thing** of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons; for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed: neverthesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say, that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and also to hang a theefe though he steal never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be

life, and al for grieve? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person; for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: Whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

*"The Christian's Answer."*

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh; whereby is manifestely seene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them: seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie. Trulie, I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof? as for me, I think that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the term which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind myselfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be

so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paid with man's flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigers, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divell in shape of man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessity is somewhat excusable: as for me I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastliness. Wherein then have I falsified my promise? is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judgment: where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us; for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation. But what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them? How many murthers? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe upon your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* translated by Ellis Farnsworth, 1754, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true: and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West Indies, which threw him almost into distraction; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes, protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces."

Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content."—"But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to Cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

*Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.*

STEEVENS.

IN a Persian manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following story of a Jew and a Mussulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the MS. its age has not been ascertained. The translation, in which the idiom is Persian, though the words are English, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original,) by Daniel Braithwaite, Esq.

"It is related, that in the town of Syria a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a share of the gain.—This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will

not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman's wife. The Mussulman was dejected, and said, how can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and set out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said, "say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.\* Go there, for thy business will be well." Then the Mussulman went to the Jew, and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they presented themselves before the judgment-seat, the

\* Hems-Emessa, a city of Syria, long. 70, lat. 34.

The Orientals say that Hippocrates made his ordinary residence there; and the Christians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptist was found there, under the reign of Theodosius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganism for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Mussulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Christ 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in possession of it. This city suffered greatly by a most dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in possession of Syria. HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Mussulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to show the sagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.



Jew said, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, "Thou sayest true, it is the purport of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, it cannot be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed." MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "*Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur*." In the story here related of the Jew and the Christian, the Judge is made to be Solymán, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

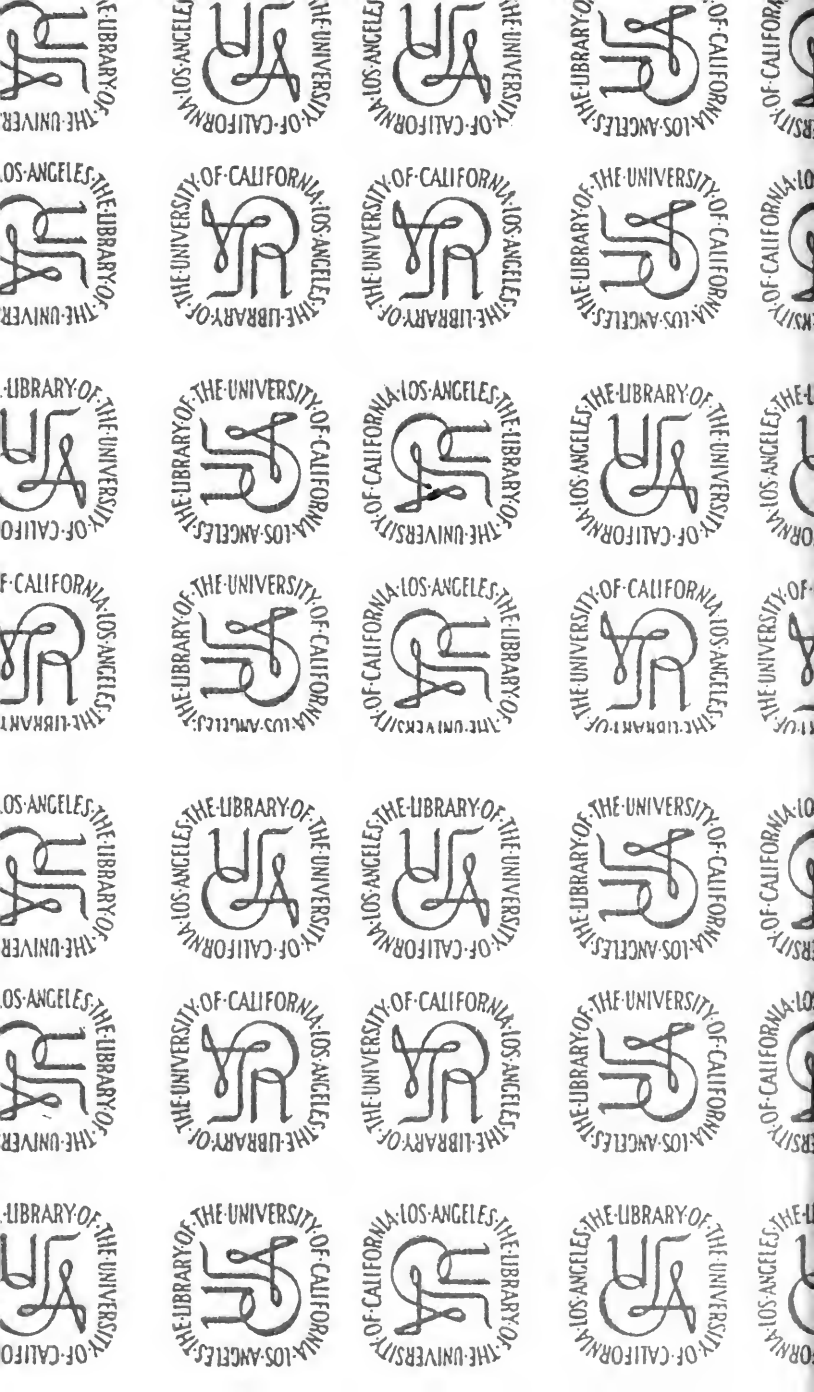
So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps this Tale (like that of Parnell's *Hermit*,) may have found its way into every language.

STEEVENS.

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